

463  
All for the Better:

OR, THE

Infalible Cure,

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-  
ROYAL in Drury-Lane,

By Her Majesties Servants.

*M. Manning*

*Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, seu  
Diversum confusa genus Panthera Camelo,  
Sive Elphas albus ungi converteret ora:  
Spectaret populus ludis attentius ipse,  
Ut sitis præsentem mimo spectacula plura:  
Scriptores autem Narrare putaret, Asella  
Fabellam sarda.*

*Hor. Ep. ad Aug.*

L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by B. Bragg at the Blue  
Ball in Avenary-Lane: 1703.

2

All for the Better:

OF THE  
Infallible Cure.

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

By Her Majesty's Servants.

J. W. Manners

It is to be performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Monday, the 14th of December, 1793. At eight o'clock. The first performance of the new Comedy, entitled, 'The Infallible Cure'. By Her Majesty's Servants. J. W. Manners.

OF THE

Printed; and Sold by B. Begg at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 1793.



# PROLOGUE

By Mr. Farquhar.

Spoke by Mr. Wilks,

**R** Ejoyce the Stage—All Rural Sports are fled,  
Fields cast their Green, and Trees their Beauty shed,  
Nature is chill'd abroad with Winter's Rage,  
And new looks only pleasing on the Stage.  
Rejoyce ye Beaux, for now the Season comes  
To hush Bellona, and to Silence Drums.  
The Troops for Winter-quarters now come in,  
And now your brisk Campaigns at home begin.  
See there a Prospect of fair Wealthy Towns,  
Stor'd with strong Magazines of Look and Frowns.  
Of forreign Dangers let those talk who please,  
We Beaux will swear no Town beyond the Seas  
Has kill'd us half the Men, as ours of these.  
But, Ladies, have a care, your time will come,  
The Conquering Venlo-Sparks are coming home.  
If on the jaws of Death at honour's Call  
They bravely rush'd—No pillage, but a Wall.  
How would they Storm such Fortresses as those,  
Whence so much sweet and wealthy Plunder flows?  
Trust me, ye Fair, no strength can their's withstand,  
A Soldier is the Devil—with Sword in hand.  
Rejoyce ye Sparks, that walk about and buff,  
From Will's to Tom's, and so to John's—  
Ye now shall be employ'd, each have his Wench,  
And so perhaps ye may engage the French.  
Rejoyce ye Criticks, who the Pit do cram,  
For ye shall have a glut of Plays—to damn.

[To the Boxes]

Epilogue

# THE DOCTOR

By a Friend.

**F**ables, if not apply'd, are edgeless Wit,  
The pointed Moral only cuts the Pit:  
Our English Pit, whose Taste of late is grown  
Flat and deprav'd as any Mists o' the Town.  
What tho' our Scene's Madrid, as all here know  
We have our Streets, our Church, and Prado too.  
We Rant and Scowr, tho' Rapes we not so common  
Our England breeds a better sort of Whorem.  
Force rarely seen with us no favour wins  
Tyburn's the Lot of such unmanly Sins.  
That were the way to spoil all Generation  
Hang all our Beauts, unstock a hopeful Nation.  
And Taxes would come short, by Reformation.  
Our Henrietta's too are kind as theirs.  
Less watch'd indeed, so less expos'd to fears.  
Nay too are mighty Lawyers now-a-days,  
Know well the Rule of Quatuor Marias:  
That if a Child be born, same Spouse within  
The four known Seas, why let the Fool begin.  
His Suit, they fear no Penance for the Sin.  
They have their Privy Purse, for Wife and Bed,  
To buy off Scandal, and to keep their Friends.  
But Heav'n preserve us from Frank Woodville's Deal.  
I hope we find no frightful Daria's here.  
The Toothless, Juicelss Scandal to the Fair.

Ladies, you Beauties of that Dazling Line,  
From your Bright Rays doth Isabella shine.  
She's a true Copy of your Excellence,  
From you she takes her Charms, her grace, her sense.

Pity

Pity Alphonso, for the Youth was Warm,  
 He Lou'd too much the Virgin's Charm,  
 Eager in Storm he won the chiefest Gate,  
 And tho' Possess'd vow'd to Capitulate,  
 Just Turn'd by Conquering thus you see humbled  
 A willing Captive by the Conquer'd Maid,  
 This I dare say, that all our young Fellows  
 Would prove Alphonso's for such Isabella.

Alphonso  
 Young Menendez  
 Menendez  
 Antonio  
 Manuel  
 Lopez  
 Westvil  
 Johnston

Mr. Johnson  
 Mr. Westvil  
 Mr. Johnston  
 The English Gentlemen

Women.

Alphonso's Daughter	Isabella
Alphonso's Wife	Henrietta
Alphonso's Sister	Daria
Alphonso's Mother	Elvira
Alphonso's Maid	Clara
Alphonso's Nurse	Nurse

Watchmen, Servants, Officers, &c.

Scene Madrid.

Personæ



# Persons Drammatic.

Mendez.  
Young Mendez.  
Antonio.  
Manuel.  
Don Alphonso.  
Lopez.  
Woodvil.  
Johnson.

*Father to Isabella.*  
*His Son.*  
*Companions to Alphonso.*  
*A Young, Rich, Wild Spaniard.*  
*An Old, Wealthy, Covetous Merchant.*  
*Two English Gentlemen.*  
*Mr. Simp.*  
*Mr. Fairbank.*  
*Mr. Bickerstaff.*  
*Mr. Toms.*  
*Mr. Husbands.*  
*Mr. Johnson.*  
*Mr. Wilks.*  
*Mr. Mills.*

## Women.

Donna Theresa.  
Isabella.  
Henrietta.  
Daria.  
Elvira.  
Clora.  
Nurse.

*Mother to Alphonso.*  
*Daughter to Mendez.*  
*Wife to Lopez.*  
*A Woman of Intrigue.*  
*Her Companion.*  
*Henrietta's Woman.*

*Mrs. Powel.*  
*Mrs. Rogers.*  
*Mrs. Wilkins.*  
*Mrs. Kent.*  
*Mrs. Moor.*  
*Mrs. Lucas.*  
*Mr. Norris.*

Watchmen, Servants, Officers, &c.

Scene Madrid.

Persons

ALL

# All for the Better.

## ACT I. SCENE I. *The Prado.*

*Enter Old Mendez, Isabella and Nurse.*

*Mend.* **W**ell, Child, shall we take t'other walk, or go home?

'Tis a very pleasant Evening: But what you will.

*Isab.* Indeed, Sir, I could with a great deal of pleasure continue Walking; but poor Nurse here says she's tir'd. You know, Sir, she grows crazy.

*Nurse.* Good lack, forsooth! Not so crazy neither. You are weary your self, and don't care to own it.

*Mend.* Why how now! What, so soon tir'd!

*Nurse.* My young Mistress raily's, Sir. There's no body enjoys Moonshine more than I do.

*Isab.* Enjoy Moonshine! Good sweet Nurse, how's that?

*Nurse.* Why, that is, taking the Refreshment of the Night.

*Isab.* Ha, ha, ha.—Sir, is not Nurse very diverting?

*Mend.* But indifferent.

*Nurse.* As I live, Sir, you must find a Husband for Mrs. Isabella, and that quickly too, or she'll grow so wild that one can't speak a quivocal word, but she'll draw a wanton meaning out on't.

*Isab.* Quivocal! Ha, ha, ha.—Alas poor Nurse!

*Nurse.* Nay, I'm sure she's mad to be married. For ever and anon, Sir, if you mind her, even when she's drinking the titters in the midst of her draught, and——

*Mend.* Come, Nurse we'll take her home, and sleep will tame her by and by, I warrant you.

*Nurse.* Sleep tame her! I wish it don't make her worse; for Dreams will come in spite of our hearts, and——

*Isab.* Nay, home, good Nurse; for shame go on no further.

*Mend.* I'm glad you are so merry, but come, 'tis late; We'll go home—

homewards; and you may end your Raillery by the way. [*A Noise of Singing without.*] Hark! what mad fellows have we here? Let us stand aside till they are past.

*Enter Don Alphonso, Antonio, and Manuel, disguis'd, Singing and Ranting.*

*SON G. Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell.*

Come, let us be Jolly,  
To be grave is a folly,  
Whilst Youth to gay pleasure invites Us:  
Wise looks and black cares  
Leave to Sots and gray hairs,  
Who are past or can't feel what delights Us.

Let us Laugh, let us Sing,  
For Old Time's on the Wing,  
Neither Threats nor Rich Bribes can e're bind him.  
How he Sports with a Fool  
That is Wealthy and Dull,  
And who leaves all his Treasure behind him.

Then away with the Spleen,  
'Tis a Curse, 'tis a Pain,  
And a Foe to all Amorous Toying;  
The Young and the Tender  
Their Charms will Surrender  
To him that is Mad for Enjoying.

*After the Song, they go up to the Women, and pull aside Isabella's Veil.*

*Mend.* Forbear this Rudeness; you are deceiv'd in your Expectations. These Women are not for your purposes. Stand off, I say. Will you break through all the Rules of Civility, and abuse Persons of Modesty and Credit, that have given you no Provocation?

[*They only Answer with a piece of the Song, and go out.*]

*Isab.* Oh! I'm glad they are gone, and I was desperately afraid.

*Mend.* Unmannerly Fellows!

*Nurse.* Oh! What a fright was I in! For my part, I wou'd ha' given my Life to have escap'd Ravishing.

*Isab.* Prithee, Nurse, no more jesting; you see what comes on't. I wonder who they are, that could be so insufferably rude!

*Mend.* A Tribe of Libertines, that have neither Manners nor Wit. Come away, lest we meet with more of 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter*



# All for the Better.

3

*Re-enter Alphonso, Antonio, and Manuel.*

*Alph.* By all the Powers of Love she was a glorious Girl.

*Ant.* Handsome to a Miracle.

*Man.* Why shou'd not we pursue 'em, and make a finish'd Prodig?

*Alph.* Will you assist me, friends?

*Ant.* You know the Night is yours; we're bound to it.

*Man.* When our turns come, you'll do as much for us.

*Alph.* You shall command me ever. — Know then, my Friends, I am wild for the Possession of this unknown Beauty. Distinguish'd as we are, 'tis impossible we shou'd be discover'd; therefore let us follow 'em with speed, and I'll seize upon my lovely Prey, and carry her off, whilst you keep the other Two from pursuing or making any Outcry.

*Man. and Ant.* We'll do't. No more.

*Alph.* Come on. Like Mettl'd Hawks, when we our prey descry,  
Tow'ring we seize the Swiftest as they fly.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

*Scene changes to Mendez, Isabella and Nurse.*

*Isab.* Sure we must be near the Coach now, or else we have rambled further among these Trees than we imagin'd.

*Mend.* Have patience, we shall find it presently. I can't walk so fast.

*Nurse.* Methinks fear, Sir, shou'd add Wings to your Feet. — Oh! how I tremble, lest those Goats shou'd follow us again!

*Mend.* Nay, if they do, I'll give you into their hands to save *Isabella*.

*Nurse.* I'am oblig'd to you, Sir.

*Isab.* But she'll take effectual care to get soon out of their hands.

*Mend.* Will she so? Pray how?

*Isab.* Why, by opening her Veil, and frightening 'em with her Face.

*Nurse.* Good luck! Not so very frightful. (The Glass deceiv'd me to day if it be.) [ *Aside.* ] Well, you had not best shew 'em yours, lest they turn Idolaters.

*Isab.* There's no danger of that; for they have already seen it, and have not fallen down to it.

*Mend.* Ha! Who are these that follow with such haste?

*Nurse.* Oh! I am dead!

[ *Squeaks.* ]

*Enter Alphonso, Antonio, Manuel. Alphonso, seizes upon Isabella, (who shrieks) and runs off with her. The other two bold Mendez and Nurse a while.*

*Mend.* Help! help! Ravishers! Murderers!

*Man.* Say you so? I shall stop your Mouth then.

*Ant.* Come, let's leave 'em, and escape. [*Exeunt running.*]

*Nurse.* Oh my dear Mistress! Oh Signior! Whether shall we fly to find her?

*Mend.* Inhumane Villians!

Was't not enough to throw your base Affronts,

But you must rob me of my Ages Comfort?

Conardly slaves! to rush upon weak Women,

And an Old Man, unguarded, unprepar'd,

Unable to resist, or to pursue! —

Oh my *Isabella*! — Oh *Nurse*! What shall we do?

*Nurse.* Alack, Sir! I was afraid they wou'd return. — We'll heart! how those lascivious Monkeys will use her! — Wou'd I were in her place, so she were safe. [*Whining*] — Come, Sir, let us fly to the Town, and raise the People. Oh! that ever I was born!

[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE** *changes to another part of the Prado.*

*Enter Woodvil and Johnson.*

*John.* Shall we never be so happy, *Frank*, as to find out some of those sprightly *Spanish* Women that are so much boasted of?

*Wood.* Alas! I desire it but too much to have any hopes; for hitherto we have seen none but frightful Creatures, that run after Men to make 'em despair, and are under their white Vails more Tawny and ill-favour'd than *Egyptians*.

*Enter Daria and Elvira from a back-door hard by, and come towards them.*

*Wood.* Ha! Who are these that glitter thus by the favour of the Moon?

*John.* Pray Heav'n their Eyes are as bright as their Jewels.

*The Ladies pass by 'em, and the Gentlemen make 'em very low Conges; then the Ladies return and view 'em, and pass by again.*

*Dar.*

*Dar.* By your habits, Gentlemen, you should be Strangers. Pray what Country are you of?

*Wood.* Madam, we are *Englishmen*, and speak but little *Spanish*, tho' we are very desirous to learn it; and we are perswaded that to succeed, the way is to fall in Love with a *Spanish* Lady, and it wou'd not be our fault, if we cou'd find those who had Inclinations to be belov'd.

*Elv.* The Affair is nice, and I shou'd pity her that shou'd Embark in it; for I have heard that *Englishmen* are not Constant.

*John.* We are misrepresented, Madam. There is not a Nation upon Earth where the Men are more constant. — For a Night or two. [*Aside.*] Do but try us, Ladies. Oh! there's nothing like a tryal to convince you of your Mistake.

*Elv.* What, could you be willing to engage your selves at first sight? Methinks I have a better Opinion of you.

*John.* Why, Madam, shou'd we lose any Opportunity? If 'tis well to Love at all, 'tis good to begin as soon as may be. Those Hearts that were made for Love, decay and languish when they are not exercis'd in it.

*Dar.* Your Maxims are gallant, but they seem dangerous. One shou'd not only avoid following, but even hearing of 'em.

[*They are going.*]

*Wood.* Nay, for Heav'n's sake Ladies go not so soon. If you'll but stay with us, we'll part with those Maxims, and be just what you'd have us.

*Dar.* No, no, I shou'd not like a Lover that is so easy to part with his Opinion.

*Elv.* Or so forward in mentioning Opportunities. But I suppose, my Dear, 'tis the fashion of *Englishmen* to be fond and freekish.

*John.* And not of your Country, Madam?

*Elv.* Have you found it so since your Arrival, Sir?

*John.* I can't brag of my Experience: But 'tis the common Opinion of the World, that in *Spain* Occasions are to be press'd.

*Elv.* But are not always us'd, I hope.

*John.* The more's the pity. Why shou'd so foolish a thing as Ceremony be practis'd in a thing so Natural as Love?

*Dar.* There's a Question for an *Englishman*! Ha, ha, ha. — Why, 'tis our chief pleasure to see your Sex look like Asses, in hopes to gain your Ends.

*Elv.* 'Tis all the satisfaction poor Women have; for when you have once obtain'd us, all our Prerogatives are gone; You are either disappointed of the Treasure you look'd for, or you grow weary of your Burthens, and lay them upon us.

*Wood.* Why, you are Politicians in Love. If you are but as handsome



some as you are Wise, I cou'd e'en be content so prove 'em As some days for your sake.

*Dar.* I shou'd use you so unmercifully, that you'd soon quit the grave look of the Beast, for that more Apish one of the Man.

*[Pulls off her Glove, and sets her Head in order.]*

*Wood.* That were impossible; for there's a Hand, a sample of your Beauty, that wou'd put fire into a Hermit.

*[Takes her Hand, and Kisses it.]*

*Dar.* My Dear, these *Englishmen* will foil us at our own Weapons; I thought Love, like the Sun, had been ours by Inheritance, and had only shot a few transient Rays into other Countries.

*Elv.* Since they are so dangerous, let us go.

*John.* Go! What a fatal sound was that! We are not able to part with you, unless you'll give us leave to wait on you home.

*Dar.* You must excuse us: Were we in England, we might conform our selves to the custome of the place.

*Wood.* At least you'll give us leave not to despair of seeing you return to this Walk sometimes.

*Elv.* We promise nothing: Tho' to be civil to you, because you are Strangers, this is our Favourite-walk when we come to the Prado.

*John.* *Venus* inspire you to walk here often! Why shou'd not we follow 'em, *Frank*, to find out where they live?

*[Exeunt Ladies, the Gentlemen making low Congees.]*

*Wood.* No, no. That is not generous, after the hopes they have given us to see them here again. Besides, if we are spy'd, we lose the Intrigue we desire.

*John.* I am mad to be acquainted with 'em: They have something in 'em, so very bewitching, that methinks I am already Metamorphos'd into that hideous Animal she spoke of but now, and shou'd think no burden too heavy to bear for their sakes.

*Wood.* Either mine dazzl'd, or by the friendly assistance of the Moon I cou'd discover very sparkling Eyes, a lovely Complexion, and most regular Features.

*John.* They must be charmingly Handsome; therefore, prithee, whatever we do, let us resolve to walk here often.

*Wood.* Did'st thou not find the Place Inspir'd?

*[Walks and Repeats as to himself in Rapture.]*

*John.* Ha! In Poetick Rapture already? Nay then —

*Wood.* Heard'st thou not *Musick* when she Talkt?

*[(Rep. still.)]*

And did'st not find, that as she Walkt,

She threw rare Perfumes all about?

*John.* I had my Thoughts, but not your way:

Alas! *Frank*, I am Flesh and Blood,

And

*And here considering how A cold  
In spite of Veils and Night, doth try  
The Parts deny'd unto the Eye.*

*Wood.* Joy to thee, *Charles*: Thou'rt in Verse too I find.  
We are both caught by *Jorie*. What a Hand she had? How charming soft! And then her Wit and Air —

*John.* Come, 'tis well they are Two; we might Quarrel else for the first Happiness.

*Wood.* Not so neither: We wou'd e'en fairly cast Lots.

*John.* Would it were come to that. But, alas! we are too forward in our Hopes. Let us go Home, and Dream of 'em.

*Wood.* Dreams are but the shadows of Joy. We'll go Home, if you will; but prithee no Dreaming, dear *Platonick*; 'tis the puling Lovers Refuge, that has not Courage to attempt the Dame.

Give me the Man, that spite of Scorn and Pride,  
Sill feeds his Hopes, and will not be deny'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to *Lopez's House.*

*Enter old Lopez, and Clora.*

*Lop.* Well, *Clora*, how has my Wife behav'd herself in my absence? Come, tell me, it shall be the better for thee. Methinks I can repose Confidence in the, for there is Sincerity written in thy Face. Dost thou see this Ring, *Clora*? How it sparkles! ha! And 'tis right, I assure you. Come, tell me the truth, and it shall be thine: Has there been any of the deluding Sex within these Walls since I went?

*Cl.* You wou'd say Men, I suppose, Sir.

*Lop.* Ay, ay; what else cou'd I mean? 'Tis an Epithet that takes in all the Sons of *Adam*.

*Cl.* Why, now you have involv'd your self.

*Lop.* When I was Young, I did not differ from the rest of my Age. 'Tis that experience makes me so watchful now I am Old. I know that Love is rivetted in the Nature of Mankind; and, like the Lamp, is not to be extinguish'd, as long as there is Nourishment for the Flame.

*Cl.* But when that Nourishment is gone, and the Lamp can give no more Light, its consuming Fury vanishes with the Flame; whereas Old Men rage the more for the loss of that supply of Spirits; and being Conscious of their Weakness, They are jealous of their Wives, whom they can't please.

*Lop.* Thou —

*Lop.* Thou art very understanding, *Clora*. — But come, pity my Infirmary, and don't let me be abus'd because I am Old. — *Nay*, I am not so Old neither, I tell you that.

*Clo.* I'll wheedle him to get the Ring. — Old, Sir! Why you look as fresh and as plump as any Priest. Were I to be Marry'd, I'd have a Man of your Age to choose.

*Lop.* I said true, *Clora*, when I said thou had'st Understanding — Well, i'faith, there's the Ring for thy good Judgment. — I Old! [Jumps. and falls down.]

*Clo.* Oh dear, Sir, Why did you Jump so high? Any one might have fallen so.

*Enter Henrietta.*

*Lop.* Verily, I was too presuming of my Strength. — But come, *Clora*, 'tis pretty well. [Clora helps him up.]

*Hen.* Is it so, Sir? You are a fine Gentleman! What, tumbling with my Maid upon the Floor! Is this your promise of Amendment? Well, I see there is no Trust in Men. [Crying.]

*Lop.* Alack! what a Mistake is this! I was only shewing my Manhood, my Dear, and so got a slip.

*Hen.* Base Man! Do you insult over me too? Was't not enough I caught you in an indecent posture, but you must justify it to my Face? Oh! how I cou'd curse Fortune, for guiding me into those soft but treacherous Arms!

*Lop.* You misconstrue all, my Duck. Thou know'st how well I Love thee.

*Hen.* Tell me I am Blind. I have no patience.

*Clo.* Well said, Devil; thou art still at hand for us Women, when we have any Game to play. (Aside.)

*Lop.* Ask *Clora* here, if I have offended.

*Hen.* Furies seize her. She's the Cause of my Unhappiness — How have I been deluded? — Well, false Man, you may go on in your Wickedness, for you have broke my Heart. (Exit.)

*Lop.* Poor thing! how fond she is! She has melted my very Soul. (Whines.) And yet what a pleasure 'tis to be belov'd by the Wife of one's bosom! And so sweet a Wife, so Young, so Beautiful; and, spight of all my Jealousie, so Vertuous a Wife. Well, there's no Love lost certainly; for I have done that at her request, which all the World beside should ne'er have perswaded me to; I have ev'n relinquish'd the Comforts of a Flannel Shirt to please her: Nay, I'll follow her this moment, and give her another proof how passionately I Love her. (Exit.)

*Clo.* Flannel



## *All for the Better*

9

**Clo.** Flannel Shirt! ha, ha, ha, and above Sixty: Rare Comforts truly for a Young Wife. But the Monster boasts he has left off his Flannel for her sake, and forgot the worse condition of Threescore. Defend me from either of them in a Husband, good Hymen, I beseech thee.

*Re-enter Henrietta.*

**Hen.** *Clara*, I am flown to thee from that Maudlin Wretch, that's Crying yonder for me to be reconcil'd to him, like any old Maid that is forsaken by her only Lover, and has thrown her last Cast.

**Clo.** 'Tis a strange mixture of a Man. But, Madam, 'tis for your Interest to keep well with him.

**Hen.** I intend it. I have avoided him still, only that he may take it the more to heart; and feign'd that Jealousie (for I overheard you, and took my time) on purpose to make the better terms with him, and to get the more Liberty. I hope 'twill favour my Design upon *Mmanuel*.

**Clo.** What, is the poor *Antonio* quite rejected then?

**Hen.** Hang him, I have no fancy to him. 'Tis a persecuting Fool, that thinks to carry every thing by his Importunity. Besides, 'tis dangerous to have to do with such a loving Blockhead; his Folly and want of caution may expose us to Discovery.

**Clo.** You are the best Judge, Madam, of your own Inclinations.

**Hen.** *Mmanuel's* the darling He. No matter for a mutual Passion at first. He is not only unwounded hitherto, but seems to defy all the Sex.

Now cou'd my Charms his Savage Breast controul,  
It were a Triumph worthy of my Soul.

*The End of the First Act.*

G

ACT

Mr. Planchet's name, in his last will and testament, he has left off his truly for a Young Wife. But the Mother would be left off his Planchet for her sake, and forget the words condition of Threescore. Defend me from such of them in a husband, good Hymen, I be- lieve these

# ACT II. SCENE I.

*Isabella is discover'd upon a Couch in a Swoon, Alphonso stand- ing at a distance. The Room is suppos'd to be all dark.*

**Alph.** **S**O: This mighty Business is over. And now, where are those Delights that I have pursu'd with so much Madness? A handsome Woman, is a certain Torment: We are neither easie with her, nor without her. She's a perfect Meteor, that threatens Mischief to all that see it, and is itself a Vapour. Like Children, we are earnest after Toys, which when we have, we slight. Woman's the Cheat of Nature; a meer Glowworm, that only shines at Night; and yet for all its Brightness, is but a Worm. A very Playen, that glitters in a borrow'd shape a while, then dwindles to his own. *[Looks towards the Couch.]* What shall I do with her now? I cou'd almost wish this had not been. The Fright has put her into a kind of Fit. I'll have some Musick to recover her, which they say has Charms to soften Rage, and to disarm the Mind. *[Goes to the Door.]* Or if that prevail not to reconcile her to me, she may say she was decently forc'd at least. *[End Song and soft Musick here.]*

## SONG Set by Mr. D. Purcell.

**A** Wake, fair Nymph, awake, awake, awake  
No more of fancied Harms:  
In bloom of Youth it is a shame  
To fly Love's soft Harms. *[The End of the Song.]*  
Reflect on Joys which you have try'd,  
You'll own there are no Joys beside.

2.

As a raw Soldier quits his fear  
When once the Battle's o'er;  
As Seamen lay aside their care  
When Tempests cease to roar:  
So shou'd the Nymph her fears remove,  
Who once has felt the Rage of Love.

*(She comes to her self.)*

*Isab. Heav'n's*

*All for the Better.*

11

*Isab.* Heav'n's defend me! Where am I? What Darkness is this? Where's my Father? Nurse, Nurse, — Alas, now I recollect that I was forc'd from them by violent Hands. Oh miserable *Isabella*!

*Alph.* What can I say to her now? Methinks I begin to pity her.

*Isab.* Ha! What art thou? If thou art one that own'st A human Soul, and art not wholly deaf To all Intreaties, grant my just Request: Since thou hast rob'd me of my dearest part, Torn me from Ease, from Honour, from my Self, And blasted all my hopes of Spotless Fame, Oh! take my Life, and I forgive the Wrong.

*Alph.* What, add Murder to a Rape! No, I thank you, Madam; I can't resolve to be so obliging to you. For my part, I wish what is done, were undone. I repent on't heartily, and would repair your Loss, if I cou'd.

*Isab.* And well thou may'st repent, for thou hast done A Deed that will for ever sting thy Heart. If thou art not divested of Humanity, Thou hast destroy'd an inoffensive Maid; For ever hast thou shut me out from Quiet, These Cheeks, that never wore a guilty Blush, Now Crimson'd o'er, will to all Eyes betray My lost Condition, lost to Peace and Fame. —

O wretched, wretched me!

*Alph.* Come, come, Madam, what's past is past. You need not be wretched, unless you have a mind to be so. How many of your Sex have made these slips voluntarily, which you are forc'd into, and have look'd as demurely in publick, as if they had been so many *Dianas*; and by their Discretion have got good Husbands, and secur'd their Reputations into the bargain!

*Isab.* Alas! I know not what you mean; but this is certain, that I am ever Miserable.

*Alph.* Still in the old Tone! Nay, then I'll leave you a while to come to your self, and to consider how to dispose of you.

[Exit, and locks the Door.

[Scene shifts her in.]  
Old Mendez's House.

Enter Old Mendez, Young Mendez, and Nurse.

O. Men. No news of the poor *Isabella*?

SCENE

C 2

Nurse



# *All for the Better*

*Nurse.* Alas! I fear they have Murder'd her.

*T. Men.* Or, what is worse, depriv'd her of her Honour.

*Nurse.* Not so neither, Sir; Life's worth two of that, I thank you. Then besides, what is taken from her by force, as I am sure they'll be severely put to't with her, can't redound to her Shame: And what's more than all that, if she be oblig'd against her will to administer a little Comfort or so to a Man, if no words are made on't, what will it signifie? She may pass for a Virgin still.

*T. Men.* Away, you Talk idle'y.

*Nurse.* Nor wou'd you very wisely, if you were not my Young Masters Worship. What, you are for spreading the News all over the Town, that your Sister has been Ravish'd? 'Twou'd do you both much good: Pray tell me this, Can the publishing of it restore that Honour you make such a-do about? Is't not better to wait patiently for her return, (And without doubt if she has been ——— you know what ——— 'twill not be long first) than to let the World know an irreparable Misfortune?

*O. Men.* Oh my *Isabella*! the Comfort of my Age.

*T. Men.* I'll go and search her out, or not return within these Doors.

*Nurse.* Well, Sir; and when you have found her?

*T. Men.* I'll Kill the Ravisher, were he the greatest Don in Spain.

*Nurse.* That is, if he'll give you leave. Be advis'd by me; Why shou'd you expose your self to so much Danger? Alack! I am as much griev'd for her as you can be. I am sure these two Breasts throb for her. I gave her Suck you know, and Nature will shew itself. [*Whines*] You may be sure I love her most tenderly. How she wou'd tug at these Nipples, when she was an Infant! 'Twas the pretty'st smiling'st Creature. Indeed, she was a dainty Baby. [*Wipes her Eyes.*] But as I was saying ———

*T. Men.* Prithce *Nurse*, no more of your Prattle. ——— Sir, I am fix'd to find her out before my return: And when I know the Man that has abus'd her, I shall do as becomes a Son, a Brother, and one that justly repents the Dishonour of his Family.

*O. Men.* Heav'n send thee good success. I'll trust thy Conduct.

(*Exit T. Mendex.*)

*Nurse.* Why, Sir, you won't suffer him to go sure?

*O. Men.* Hold thy peace. Thou art not of Extraction to know what is felt upon these occasions. ——— Come, let us go in. ———  
Poor *Isabella*!

(*Excunt.*)

SCENE

SCENE the Prado.

*Enter Woodvil, and Johnson.*

*Wood.* Phoo, Pox! we have out-staid our time. All the Birds are Roosted.

*John.* Prithce be a little patient; we shall have 'em fly in our Faces presently.

*Wood.* What, dost thou make Batts of these Spanish Women?

*John.* Pray Heav'n they prove not as Ominous to us.

*(Seria and Elvira come forth from the same Door as formerly, cross the Stage, and Exit.)*

*Wood.* Heirett! There's a Brace, by Jove.

*John.* Ha! the same Game sure we sprung before. — Come, lets fly at 'em, and they're our own. *(They go out after 'em)*

*All Re-enter Immediately.*

*Wood.* Ladies, we are much oblig'd to Chance for this happy Meeting. We were just bemoaning our hard Fortunes in being kept so long from all that is Charming in Madrid.

*Dar.* You are very Complaisant, Sir, in commending to such a degree those whom you never saw.

*Wood.* Oh! but we have heard you, Madam. You have Wit and good Humour, and a Thousand other Charms which you strove to hide in vain.

*Elv.* But suppose we were ugly and old now, I'm afraid Wit and good Humour, if we had 'em, would scarce be Attractive enough without tolerable Beauty at least. I have heard that you Englishmen doat so much upon a Face, that rather than not have this Outside Beauty, you'll Ruine your selves.

*John.* Nay, Madam; we have our share of such Doughty Heroes; but we are none of those Face-Fools. Give me the other Two Perfections in a Woman, and I could be so reasonable as to make some small allowance in that part.

*Dar. to Wood.* Well, what if we should divide a little for variety? Can you dispense, Sir, with the Impertinence of a Single Womans Company?

*Wood.* Yours is the greatest Happiness, Madam. *[Takes and kisses her hand.]* To enjoy a Minute of your Conversation is beyond whole hours with any of the rest of your Sex.

*Elv. to John.* Come, Sir, I find we must walk off, if you can trust your self with a Spanish Woman.

*John. I*

*John.* I fear nothing but your Eyes, Madam, therefore if you resolve to do me no harm, you must keep them shut.

*Elv.* Well, I'll be as Merciful as I can, provided you keep me from Stumbling.

*John.* O never doubt that, as long as I fold thee thus. [*Embracing her.*]

*Elv.* Not so very free, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Elv. and John.*]

*Dar.* Well, Sir, What do you think of this Liberty we take with you?

*Wood.* I think, Madam, that nothing can be more engaging; for as a free Behaviour is a certain proof of good Humour and good Breeding, so it doth ever carry with it an Air of Sincerity.

*Dar.* It looks generous indeed. And were I quite convinc'd there's Integrity in what you say, I wou'd trust you with a Secret.

*Wood.* Madam, you have inspir'd me with such a Sense of your Goodness, that I assure you it depends only upon your self to engage me for the rest of my Life.

*Dar.* Nay, then I'll be open-hearted too. — But how shall I bring it about! Can you believe, Sir, after all our Airs and Gaieties, that 'tis possible for me seriously to confess — Ah! where am I going?

*Wood.* What, I am not so happy as to possess any part of your Esteem?

*Dar.* How shou'd I deny so visible a Truth? Alas! what have I said! — But 'tis too late.

*Wood.* Nay, Madam, don't repent of an Expression so favourable to me. By Heav'n I long for nothing so much in this World as to be esteem'd your humblest Adorer.

*Dar.* I am an Heiress of a large Fortune. My Father was a Knight of the Order of St. Jago. My Name is *Daria*, and my Confin who accompanies me is call'd *Elvira*. Now, Sir, if you can find in your heart to think any more of me —

*Wood.* Madam, I thank you for the knowledge of these Particulars; But, alas! your Estate had been no part of my Enquiry. Your Person, Charming *Daria*, is the extent of all my Wishes.

*Dar.* Well, think upon it, and I may find a way to let you hear from me.

*Wood.* Won't you grant me the favour of coming to visit you?

*Dar.* What you desire is not consistent with our Manners; and tho' I don't conceive any Crime in what you ask me, yet I am oblig'd to observe measures of Decency, in which I am resolv'd never to fail. Notwithstanding, you may rely upon it, I shall contrive some way or other to see you.



Wood. Madam, your Commands are sacred to me. Give me leave then only to wait on you, till we find our Friends.

Bar. That I can grant. [Exit Wood.]

SCENE Lopez's House.

Enter Lopez Solus.

Lop. Oh Gold! thou Sovereign Comfort of the World;  
The Rich Man's Triumph, and the Beggars God;  
Parent of Pleasures, and Support of Thrones.  
When Thou appear'st, the sullen rouse their Heads,  
And, struck with Veneration of thy Worth,  
Dismiss the Phantom that deceiv'd their Minds.  
All Stations bow to Thee, all Hearts pursue thee:  
When busie Statesmen Manage, Plot, Devise,  
Forget their Country, and forsake their Friends,  
Promise each day what never is perform'd:  
For what is all this medley of Projection,  
This Sacrifice of Honour, but for Thee?  
What makes the Lawyer ply the noisy Bar,  
Puzzle his Brains to solve the knotty Law?  
Or the Physician choose a doubtful Art,  
A happy guess at best in Nature's Workings?  
Is't not for thee? No wonder then if Lopez,  
Led by its Influence, is driven to leave  
His Hours of Rest, and Bosom of his Wife.

Enter Henrietta.

Hen. Prithee, my Lopez, never go to Night. How can you have the Conscience to leave me so soon after so long an absence?

Lop. And dost thou truly love thy poor Lopez?

Hen. Why should you doubt it? Did I ever give you cause? Indeed it is unkind in you.

Lop. Come, I don't doubt it. 'Twas n'own Harriot. Kiss me Dear. [Kisses.]

Hen. Well, but why will you leave me thus? What, must I lie all alone agen to Night? Sure you need not go till to morrow.

Lop. Trust me, Child, I cannot put it off. I have had two Messengers to let me know the Ship *Henrietta*, thy own Name, Duck, is arriv'd at Cadix. (You know how much I am concern'd in her Freight) and Signior *Parillo* is this instant going a little way out of Town to Merchants, a Friend of ours, who has an Account of her Cargo, and

and he has sent to me to go along with him. She's richly Laden, and I have a considerable share in her.

*Hen.* But since she's safe, why won't to morrow serve?

*Lop.* Oh! I'm impatient to know particulars. Come, one Kiss more, and I am gone. [*Kisses her again.*]—She Kisses deliciously, or all she's my Wife. —B'wye, my Dear; you won't stir out till come back, which will be to morrow at farthest.

*Hen.* Not out of the Gardens.

*Lop.* Well, so far I have given Orders for you! Be sure you take care of the House. [*Exit. Lopez.*]

*Hen.* And of my self too, or I'm a Fool! Now for my darling *Manuel*. —*Clora, Clora.*

*Enter Clora.*

*Clo.* Madam, did you call?

*Hen.* Come, let's get our Veils, and go through the Garden to the *Prado*. I have writ my Letter, and hope we shall find *Manuel* there; If not, I'll send it to his Lodging. I shall never have such another Opportunity as now the Old Fool's gone.

*Clo.* I am ready to wait on you.

*Hen.* Come then, in, in, and make the best use of our time.

[*They run in.*]

### S.C.E.N.E the Prado.

*Enter Manuel and Antonio.*

*Man.* What's become of Don *Alphonso*? I'm certain a Man of his eagerness must have been satiated before this time with the Wench he forc'd away with him.

*Ant.* I don't much relish these doings. *Alphonso* is too violent in his Humours.

*Man.* *Venus* has a strange Ascendant over him. Every handsome Face fire's him.

*Ant.* Where did he carry his Prey? He won't force her, will he?

*Man.* Certainly, if she does not yield betimes. He has not Patience to hold out, Sir. When he has a pretty Wench in his Power, he's as untractable as the Tyger.

*Ant.* How differently shou'd I use *Henrietta*, wou'd my good Fortune throw her into my hands?

*Man.* Ay, thine's a premeditated Love, that awes thee into a foolish Veneration. Not that I blame your Choice, for she is one of the handsomest of the trifling Sex. But I hate your damn'd Passion, and

and slavish Worshipping of Women. If I were to listen to any of 'em, nothing wou'd tempt me like an Opportunity of falling to without Ceremony?

*Ant.* Puh! thou art a lazy fellow that deserv'st not the Venison, because thou hadst rather eat of a Shot Deer than be at the trouble of hunting her down; which to Sports-men is a Noble Diversion, and makes the Meat the sweeter.— But see! Who are these?

*Enter Henrietta and Clora Veil'd.*

*Hen.* Clora, is not that Manuel?

*Clo.* Yes, and Antonio with him.

*Hen.* Be sure you keep with me. I'll draw him aside.—Don Manuel, a word with you.

*Man.* With me? What's this?

*Hen.* Know, Signior, I'm not one of those you ought to address to upon such Designs as yours. Take your Letter, which I won't so much as open.

*Man.* You shan't complain, Madam, that I han't made use of your Advice. [*Takes the Letter.*] [*Exeunt Women.*]

What a Devil can this mean? Antonio, you saw those Women?

*Ant.* Yes, and heard. 'Tis some Lady you have mistaken, that has as little value for you, as you have for the Sex.

*Man.* This is so extraordinary to me, who know nothing of any Addresses I have made, that you must excuse me if I am a little impatient to read this Letter, which I am certain is none of mine; therefore, Don Antonio, good Night.

*Ant.* Don Manuel, have a Care of an Intrigue. [*Exit Manuel.*]  
I thought I knew the Voice that spoke to him—my Curiosity tempts me to follow 'em. This way they went. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Henrietta and Clora.*

*Clo.* But do you think, Madam, he'll retire and open the Letter immediately?

*Hen.* I doubt not but he will. The turn that I have taken in delivering it will make him impatient to read it, or I am much deceiv'd. And when he does, I make no question but he will be so Gallant as to resign himself to a Ladies appointment. Besides, I have consider'd his Temper, which is averse to the Laborious Methods of obtaining Women. He has talk'd freely to me upon that Subject, and has told me, That if any Woman had a power to engage any of his Time, 'twas my self.

*Clo.* Well, I confess I shou'd expect more Devotion from a Man  
D that



that I cou'd be perswaded to have an Affair with. But, Madam, how have you order'd the meeting?

*Ant.* peeps in. *Henrietta* and *Clora* as I live! There's an Amour going forward, I perceive.

*Hen.* You know old *Lopez* returns agen some time to Morrow, therefore it must be done with all Expedition. I have appointed his passage thro' the Garden-gate, which shou'd be purposely left open, and that somebody shou'd be there to conduct him thro' the House; Or if not, he shou'd ascend strait to my Chamber up the Garden-stairs, without making the least noise.

*Clo.* Very well, Madam. And what hour is this happy *Manuel* to come?

*Ant.* *Manuel*! Can I trust my Ears?

*Hen.* Happy dost thou call him? I wish he may think so.—But the hour is Two precisely.

*Clo.* How this wou'd mortify *Antonio*, shou'd he hear of it!

*Hen.* He! Stupid Ass! How shou'd he know it?

*Ant.* Don *Antonio*, your very humble Servant. [To himself.]

*Clo.* Why, do you think, Madam, that Friends don't divulge such trifles to one another?

*Hen.* Ay; but here 'twill scarce be done, because *Manuel* knows of the impertinent Addresses *Antonio* has made to me, and how I loath him.

*Ant.* Good again! But my Comfort is, Asses have long Ears. [Aside.]

*Hen.* I hate a formal, cringing, contemplative Lover, that makes his Advances by Degrees and Ceremonies.

*Ant.* So! This comes of the Folly of spending time in Talk when one's alone with a Woman. I may learn to be an active Mute in time. [Aside.]

*Hen.* Come, let us be moving towards the Garden, that I may be in preparation for my Dear *Manuel* against the hour I so much long for.

*Clo.* I attend your Steps, Madam,

[Exeunt.]

*Antonio comes in with his Arms across.*

*Ant.* Despis'd by her, and injur'd by the Man I thought my Friend! Furies and Death! But Women will be Women, and Friends no Friends, when those are in the Case. What a Devil does she find in *Manuel* that she can't perceive in me! I have as good a Heart, and as much Blood in my Veins; dare as much as he for a Woman, and am much more eager. But you are more complaisant to the Sex, Don *Antonio*. Ay, there's the Rub. I find a Man must be rough and ill-bred to become fit for them. But no matter. This lucky Discovery may

## *All for the Better.*

19

may minister good occasion, both to satisfy my Love and my Revenge. I have it, and will about it in time.

Now, Fortune, if Revenge does Thee delight,  
Rest here thy fickle Wheel, and laugh with me to Night. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Manuel, Reading a Letter.*

*Man.* Lopez returns agen to Morrow early; therefore it must not be delay'd. The Garden Gate shall be left open on purpose, where you shall find one ready to conduct you thro' the House. I ail not to be there at the hour of Two precisely, if you dare think of meeting a Woman who has study'd your Temper, and therefore avoids all Ceremonies. *Henrietta.* — Admirable! This is a Creature to my taste, that expects no Ceremony. That's your Woman for me. *[Puts the Letter up; but pulling out his Handkerchief, the Letter drops.]* I han't the patience to wait for a Dish of Meat, tho' ne'er so well dress'd, when my Appetite calls for Food. And yet, by Heav'n, this is a lovely Woman. — Well, I shall keep time with you, Madam, fear it not. *(Exit.)*

*Enter Woodvil and Johnson.*

*John.* Well, Frank, you cou'd not but be highly pleas'd with the sprightly *Daria's* Conversation.

*Wood.* Truly, I have no reason to be dissatisfy'd with it, for she appears to be of a very agreeable Disposition, and averse to the Cruelty of her Sex.

*John.* You are very happy in having found her so favourable already. *Elvira* has given me no hopes to believe as kindly of her. She's true Woman yet, and turns every thing into Raillery.

*Wood.* I must confess to ye, I know not how 'tis, but methinks I have a very tender Passion for *Daria*. She has somewhat so sweet in her Conversation, and so engaging in her Manner, that I am at once surpriz'd and touch'd in the most sensible part.

*John.* So! *Don Cupid* has shot you at last, I find. When you were at Home, you defy'd him and all his Art.

*Wood.* But in *Spain* his Arrows have a keener point; they spare none of either Sex, when the little God's enrag'd. You and *Elvira* may chance to feel his Power.

*John.* With all my Heart, as soon as his Godship pleases. I hope he will employ the strongest Arrow in his Quiver, that he may shoot us both at once, for there is no pleasure on this side Heav'n like mutual Love.

*Wood.* Then shall I be happy, my Friend : For know, that the same Dart has fix'd us both. *Daria*, the sweet, the dear, the witty *Daria*, is not behind me in her Passion.

*John.* Nay, then you are happy indeed. 'Tis Love in Love that makes the Sport, you know. But methinks you have struck a very quick bargain; tho', after all *Elvira's* Reserve upon the matter, I have often heard, that 'tis the custom here among Lovers, to come to an agreement as soon as possible, because Opportunities are very scarce.

*Wood.* And 'tis pity 'tis not the custom, *Charles*, in all places. Delays are ever dangerous in Love. In *England*, you shall have a foolish Wench hold out till she's mad with Desire, out of meer Pride; because, forsooth, she won't put it into the power of any Man to brag of Favours.

*John.* Tho' she wishes in her heart, That she had either less Pride, or that her Country wou'd admit of freer Customs.

*Wood.* Or else, that Men were more to be rely'd on; for if they cou'd once secure their Reputations, they wou'd observe no bounds in Pleasure.

*John.* You have it right. 'Tis nothing but the fear of an ill Name that keeps up Honesty in the World.

(*Daria calls out of a Window.*)

*Dar.* Cavalero, Cavalero.

*Wood.* Who calls?

*Dar.* Come a little nearer.

*Wood.* 'Tis *Daria's* Voice. — Oh, Madam! Is it you? How I rejoyce at my good Fortune to see you again.

*John.* [*Pulls out his Watch.*] *Woodvil*, Adieu. I'll take this occasion to go and meet *Elvira*, for 'tis near the Time.

*Wood.* Love prosper you. Farewel.

*John.* Ha! A Letter dropt! I shall make bold to view the Contents of it. (Exit.)

*Wood.* This is extreamly kind in in you, lovely *Daria*, to restore a poor Lovers scatter'd Spirits that languish'd for such a blest Opportunity.

*Dar.* May I believe you are the Constant Man you pretend to be?

*Wood.* Give me an Oath if you doubt it, and you shall hear how I'll Swear.

*Dar.* Oaths are Trifles with your Sex. Perjury is a light thing weigh'd in the Ballance with Lust or Avarice. Time is a more powerful Advocate than an Oath; and tho' I were so credulous as to begin to think you love me, yet Time must confirm me in the Opinion.

*Wood.* And



*Wood.* And yet when I ask you for a Time to wait on you, that I might give you more proof of my Respect and Passion, you always defer the Advantage I intreat for my self with so much Instance.

*Dar.* Be not so impatient. All things arrive with Time. But come, confess an important Truth in few words. You that pretend so much Respect and Love, cou'd you find in your heart to Marry me?

*Wood.* I will ev'n ——— Marry you, if you'd ha'me, tho I have not yet well seen you, nor have the advantage of knowing you.

*Dar.* I am Rich, and of Quality, as I told you, and am flatter'd that I have some Personal Merits.

*Wood.* You have every thing that's necessary to please me, more than any other Person in the World. Your Wit has Incharmed me, but you sometimes put me in Despair; and I had rather dye at once, than be expos'd to such continual Torments.

*Dar.* You railly well, Sir. But no more. 'Tis late. Pray retire.

*Wood.* Let me but know first when I'm to be so happy as to Visit you.

*Dar.* Very soon, you may rely upon't. Trust me, I fear too soon. Signior, Good Night.

*(She retires.)*

*Wood.* Heav'n guard the lovely *Daria*.

*(Exit.)*

*The End of the Second Act.*

---

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Bed-Chamber in Alphonso's House. Isabella alone.  
upon a Couch.*

*Ifab.* **O**H Death! how distant always is thy Aid  
From those whom spiteful Fortune has oppress'd  
With an uncommon Weight of Grief and Woes;  
Oh World! how vain and fleet are all thy Joys!  
But now, and I was happily possess'd  
Of all the Sweets, without the Cares of Life:

*And*

And now, by a sad turn of Fate, am I  
 Depriv'd of all its Comforts, and for ever—  
 Oh racking Thought! yet certainly for ever.  
 What hope of Cure has a Sick Soul like mine;  
 That sinks beneath the load of this Disgrace?  
 Oh Father! Brother! Oh my Friends! my Honour  
 My violated Honour!—Kept a Pris'ner too!  
 Nothing but Darkness round me!  
 When will my Woes have End? [Weeping.]

I'll rise, and try if I can find a Door  
 Or Window, for some light to view the Room,  
 That I may guess at this Barbarian. [Gets up, and feeling about  
 Fast! Then for a Window.— finds a Door.

This shou'd be one. Down treacherous Bars,  
 Whose Iron frames scarce Match your Masters Soul  
 For hardness, since you yield to my weak Hands.  
 Wou'd he had been as Stupid. [Seems to open the Shutters, and

[In surprise.] A very stately Chamber! every thing — looks about her.

In handsome Order; Noble, richly hung,  
 A Sumptuous Bed; Chair, Cabinets, and Pictures  
 Of costly Figure: This must be some Magnifico's.

What's this? The Story of the poor *Lucretia*?

[A Picture.

Alas! how wild she looks! how full of Horror!

Resisting what she can, but all too little.

See how the Ravisher improves his hold!

Impetuous Love flames forward through his Eyes,

And all the Satyr rushes on the Dame.

What near Alliance bear our Woes!— Off Eyes;

[In Rage.

No more of this Remembrance, lest my Hands,

Provok'd with Madness, tear you from your Seats.

[Walking about in a

Ha! this Tablet gives me a Thought.

Rage, sees a Tablet

It may be of use hereafter, I'll write in't.

upon a Cabinet.

Who knows but this remembrance of his Crime,

[Goes to the Win-

And from a hand unknown, may sting the Ravisher.

dow, then writes.

So. Now 'tis time to re-assume my dark Condition,

Lest I shou'd be discover'd by my Goaler.

[Seems to close the shutters.

Now to my Bed of Ruin; and since 'tis past,

Fortune send me what Event thou wilt.

[Sits upon the Couch.

*Enter Alphonso, and speaks to himself.*

*Alp.* This Woman troubles me. Of all my Youthful frolicks this  
 sits most uneasy on my Mind. To say the truth, 'twas barbarous to  
 force her. Hang it, 'twas not like a Gentleman. Oh Love! how  
 dost

dost thou tuman our Souls, when we give a loose to thy wild Motions? I must convey her hence, and e'en make the best on't now. From my heart I pity her. *[Goes to her, and blind-folds her.]*

*Isab.* Is there no end of thy Cruelty, base Man?

*Alp.* You mistake me, Madam, I am come to serve ye. *[In a low Voice.]*

*Isab.* Why dost thou bind me then?

*Alp.* 'Tis the Command I'm charg'd with. But tell me in what Quarter I shall convey you, and I am directed to see you safe.

*Isab.* It matters not; I'll excuse you that trouble. Bear me but out of this loathsome place, into the Street, and 'tis enough.

*Alp.* Come, Madam, I'll lead you safe. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE the Street.

*Enter young Mendez and his Friend.*

*Mend.* Oh! whither shall we fly to find my Sister?  
My Restless Sorrow for her loss, advis'd  
A fruitless search, for still we rove in vain.

*Friend.* And may rove still. What do you think to find her i'th' open Air? The Man who made the Rape, let him be ne're so much a Villain, sure wou'd give her House-room.

*Mend.* Oh that word! that Rape distracts my Soul! Prithee no more on't: But if thou art my Friend, have milder Thoughts, and wish it may'nt be so.

*Friend.* Alas! if ought  
In wishes might prevail, she were as Bright  
Still as the Sun. But, oh! my mournful Friend,  
Can it e're be conceiv'd that one so Fair,  
So Young, so Blooming, in a Satyr's Arms  
Shou'd prove untouch'd, unfully'd?

*Mend.* Wretched *Isabella*! — But come my Friend,  
Let's on upon the Hunt; and if we find  
The Ravisher, we'll be at least reveng'd.

*Friend.* I follow you. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Alphonso with Isabella blind-folded.*

*Alp.* Now, Madam, y'are at Liberty, all happiness attend you.

*[Leaves her in haste.]*

*Isab.* Alas! how shou'd I be happy! But 'twas a *[Untying the Handkerchief.]* kind wish in Thee who e're thou art. — Gone! How hast thou cozen'd me! I thought t'have met Thee face to face, and with soft soothing words and Female Wiles, assur'd thee to disclose this



this Ravisher. For now, methinks, I cou'd flatter and deceive like any Lover. I cou'd look kind, exceeding kind; promise a Favour with my Eyes, talk Wonders, give a Kiss with freedom, and intice like any Jilt, t'obtain the Secret. But now my hopes are vanish'd, and I am left

*Enter Woodvil.*

the most abandon'd thing that ever knew Despair. *(Weeps.*

*Wood.* What mournful Voice is that, whose Eccho sounds Despair?

*Isab.* The Voice of one, whose sad Condition may teach thee, if thou art wise, not to confide in human Happiness. A poor defenceless Plant, which the last setting Sun left green and flourishing, but will find wither'd at his rising.

*Wood.* Whence came this sad Disaster?

*Isab.* An accidental Tempest rose, whose undistinguishing Rage tore up the tender Root, and all the rest soon faded.

*Wood.* Indeed 'tis mournful. How shall I serve you, Madam? If there's a remedy, command my power.

*Isab.* I thank you, Sir, 'tis kindly offer'd: But alas! there is no Cure for my Disease. I am a Wretch deserted ev'n of hope. Confusion and Despair are all my Portion. — Have I deserv'd this, Heav'n!

*(Weeps.)*

*Wood.* Poor Lady! How I pity thee!

*Re-enter Young Mendez and his Friend at the farther end of the Stage. and come forward.*

*Isab.* Sure I must be near Home. Let me see a little. My constant flood of Tears, I think, has blinded me. — *(Sighs.)* Oh my rack'd Soul! How can'st thou bear this Violence!

*Mend.* Ha, Friend, is not that she, who complains of Violence? It is, and that must be her Ravisher. — Villain, thou dy'st.

*(They Draw, and run up to him.)*

*Wood.* Beset! Nay then —

*(Draws. They fight.)*

*Isab.* Oh! Murder! Murder!

*(Runs about.)*

*Mend.* Vile Ravisher! But I shall punish thy Villany.

*Wood.* I disdain the Character, and shall perance be even with you for all your Bravado. *(Theresa looks out at the Window.)*

*Ther.* Clashing of Swords, and a Woman underneath!

*Isab.* Oh! Murder! Murder!

*Ther.* Let some-body go down, and offer the Lady at the Door the Sanctuary of my House.

*(Retires. Servant)*

*Servant opens the Door.*

*Ser.* Madam, if you will accept of this Refuge, I am commanded to let you in.

*Isab.* Oh! with all my heart, I am frighted out of my Wits.

*[Goes in and the door is lock'd.]*

*Wood.* There I'm sure I was with you.

*Mend.* Oh! I am slain. *[Falls.]*

*Friend.* Ha! But thou shalt not dye unreveng'd.

*Wood.* Say you so? Why then have at you, Sir.—*[The noise of the Watch makes 'em push home; but upon their approach the Spaniard retires, Woodvil makes off too.]* Madam, where are you? Nay, if you are gone, you don't want my Assistance; therefore I'll e'en make the best of my way. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Watch.*

*1 Watch.* What's here, a Man Dead? Ay, Stone dead. So, his Debts are paid.

*2 Watch.* Well but, Neighbour, Is Death so civil as to discharge a Man's Debts then?

*1 Watch.* Ay, Neighbour, and that's civil enough in Conscience.

*2 Watch.* Why then, he shall e'en pay my Scores; for as to my Debts, as Poor as I am, I have a Gentleman's Memory. And as I have liv'd by my Wit, so I'll dye, and leave no Mony to pay for my Funeral.

*3 Watch.* Why what a Rogue are you? Dost thou think, Jack, to dye a Natural Death?

*2 Watch.* Yes, for I hope to dye without the Help of a Doctor.

*3 Watch.* Smartly said. But if you should have a Doctor you'll dye a Nat'l Death still, for you'll dye like a Rogue.

*2 Watch.* S'bud you'll dye in a Ditch, if you escape Hanging.

*1 Watch.* Come, come, no quarelling. We shall all dye like Rogues as we have liv'd. Let's about our business, and lift up the Body. *[Lifts him up.]*

*Mend.* Oh! *[All start and let him fall.]*

*3 Watch.* He's alive, ho. What are you, and how came you thus Wounded?

*Mend.* Pray let me be carried to my Fathers house.

*3 Watch.* Who is your Father, Sir?

*Mend.* Signior Mendez hard by.

*2 Watch.* Alas, my young Master Mendez! Indeed, Sir, I'm sorry, as I may say, for this Mishap. Dear heart, how the whole family will mourn for you!

E

I VV

1 *Watch*. What d'ee lye pitying him for? Don't you see how he bleeds? Let's have him to a Surgeon.

2 *Watch*. Come, lift then a little, will you? Hoist, so away with him.  
[*Exeunt Watch with Mend.*]

*Re-enter Woodvil.*

*Wood*. The Furies of the Night, the Watch, are alarm'd on all sides; and right or wrong, if they find a Man abroad so late, they'll seize him, and make the proudest Don in *Spain* submit to their impertinent Questions. And then they are so abusive, especially to Gentlemen, that we can scarce forbear giving them ill Language, which is provocation enough with them to swear any Fact they please against us.—Ha! What's here? A House open? Let it be the Pest-house, I'll in; for I had rather lye with Plagues and Ulcers, than expose my self to an Inquisition for Murder. [Goes in and fastens the Door.]

*Enters again as in a Chamber.*

*Wood*. Soh. I am free from the Watch, Heav'n be prais'd: And now let me consider a little where I am; Perhaps in as dangerous a place; for shou'd I be seen now in this frighted Condition, 'tis odds but I am taken for a Thief, and my Circumstance is not a jot mended. What can I say for my self, if I am discover'd? Shou'd I tell the true occasion of my Concealment, who knows but I shall be apprehended for Murder? Good Fortune, bring me off this time, if it be thy will. [A Noise.] Hark! there are people coming. Where shall I hide my self? I'll get behind this Tapestry. [Gets behind.]

*Enter Daria and Elvira.*

*Elv*. What hast thou done to day, my Dear? Hast thou seen *Woodvil* since?

*Dar*. Yes, my Dear, I have, and have reason to believe he loves me to desperation, or all my Rules are false. He talks very seriously of Marrying me. That which perplexes me in the business, is, that he will visit me first, and know me.

*Wood*. peeps out. What's this I hear? Astonishing!

*Elv*. And how can you prevent either?

*Dar*. I don't pretend to hinder it; but I shall manage things to the best of my Policy. I shall take care to have the Window Curtains so dispos'd, that there may be admission for but just so much Light as may serve to set me off to some advantage. Then as to my Quality, I have caus'd an Authentick Genealogy to be got ready,  
which



which will cost me nothing but a little Old Parchment gnaw'd by Rats: And for the ready Money, thou know'st that my faithful Lover *Don Diego* will supply me; and when *Woodvil* has told it, he'll never suspect that Thieves will be at hand to Rob him upon the very Night of our Marriage. I have to day hir'd an Apartment well Furnish'd: So thou wilt agree that I have negled nothing to make an Affair succeed that is so advantageous to me, and which I so much desire.

*Elv.* Your precautions seem to be just; but yet, methinks, I fear the Catastrophe of the Plot.

*Wood.* 'Tis marr'd now, or the Devil's in't.

*Dar.* But, my Dear, how go thy Affairs?

*Elv.* Not so fast towards Marriage. But in truth that is not my design. I observe a great deal of Worth in *Woodvil's* Friend. I find that I love him; I covet nothing but the possession of his Heart, and I fancy I should be displeas'd if he propos'd to Marry me.

*Dar.* Thou art of an odd humour, *Elvira*. Thou lov'st him, thy Fortune is none of the best; thou shou'dst be happy with him; and yet thou wou'dst not be glad to be his Wife!

*Wood.* Nay then, there are Miracles still, that's certain.

*Elv.* Pray who told you that I shou'd be happy with him? Love is of so fantastick a nature, that the very first moments of Marriage are scarce agreeable. Love, I say, must have something to awaken it, and to give it an edge. It feasts upon variety and change: And how can a Wife be always new?

*Wood.* Excellent! I begin to like her.

*Dar.* Or ev'n a Mistress, good *Elvira*? — Go, go; your fashionable Maxims are unreasonable.

*Elv.* What you aim at, is much more, in my Opinion: And if you'll be advis'd by me, you ought to make serious Reflections upon your Age; for, to speak plainly to thee, thou art Old, very Old. Is it fitting for a stale Piece of Fifty to impose upon a Youth of Five and Twenty?

*Wood.* Rare Jilt! were these your personal Merits?

*Dar.* Insolence! Must I be insulted at this rate?

*Elv.* Thou deserv'st it, who hast the impudence to design to undo a worthy young Gentleman, by putting a Wife upon him that has neither Eyes, Teeth, or Complexion of her own.

*Wood.* What a heavenly Wife had my discerning Judgment provided for me! Now, Fortune, thou deserv'st an Altar.

*Dar.* This is past enduring.

*Elv.* Why, have you not a Glass-Eye, and Plumpers too for your Cheeks? Can you deny that all your Teeth are false? Don't I know

your Face is nothing but a Plaister of Red and White? And that your Breath is insupportable?

*Wood.* Nay, then she was likely to throw rare Perfumes about indeed.

*Elv.* And can you expect, when I know all this, that I should approve of your imposing upon one, who is Friend to the Man I esteem?

*Enter Daria's Maid.*

*Dar.* Unheard of Impudence!

*Elv.* Nay, nay, 'tis true, for all that.

*Dar.* Well, if it be, am I the only one who has false Teeth, and a made Complexion, and other things to hide their Blemishes? And must I, sawcy Woman, be thus accus'd alone?

*Wood.* Sure they won't go to Scratching at last.

*Elv.* There is a Malignity in thy Company, therefore 'tis time to leave it. *(Exit Elvira)*

*Dar.* 'Tis the only Courtesie thou can'st do me, for thou carry'st away the Plague along with thee.

*[Goes to a Glass, and views herself; then sets her Hair with her Hand.]*

*Wood.* But a greater Plague stays behind.

*Dar.* Insolent Slut! to tell me of my Imperfections! as if none but my self us'd Art, or made their Faces!

*Wood.* ——— If I gaze now, 'tis but to see

What manner of Death's-Head 'twill be.

*Maid.* Bless me, Madam! how came you to fall out thus?

*Dar.* I neither know, nor care. Set me the Toilet here. *[Maid brings it. Daria sits down and looks in the Glass.]* Frightful! what a Figure she has made me! As I live, all my Red and White's melted! How does Passion ruffle and disorder us Women! Fetch me the Paint that came home to day.

*Maid.* Yes, Madam. *(As she goes towards the Closet, near which Woodvil stands; he shrinks back, and throws down a Bottle behind him.)*

*Dar.* What have you done? Amazement! *[Lifting up the Tapestry, she spies Woodvil; squeaks and runs back]* how came you here? What, you have seen and heard all! Hell and Furies! I have no patience. ——— Villain, I'll tear thy Eyes out. *(Flies at him.)*

*Wood.* Have a little patience, and I'll inform you how I came hither.

*Dar.* I am all Outrage. Thou hast rais'd Hell within me, therefore expect to be torn in pieces. *[Flies at him.]* ——— You came

to Rob the House, I believe. I'll have you seiz'd for a House-breaker, and be Evidence my self against you.

*Wood.* Soh! I'm in a fine Condition! — But Madam.

*(Noise without.*

*[Daria and her Maid run to the Door to know the cause.*  
What Noise is this? Have I no way to escape from this Fury? I shall be expos'd to some Inconvenience or other by this outrageous Passion of hers; which has so swell'd the Veins of her hollow meager Face, and made the wrinkles of her shrivell'd Neck so formidable, that she is the very Picture of *Medusa*.

*Re enter Daria with Officers.*

*Dar.* Here Gentlemen, here's the Murderer. I saw this unhappy Wretch with his Sword drawn, all bloody as it was with the Wound he had just made, enter my Chamber to save himself, threatening me too with Death, if I refus'd to conceal him.

*Off.* Enough, enough. We Arrest you for this Murder. Come, you must to Prison.

*Wood.* Do but hear me.

*Off.* It is in vain. There needs no better Evidence. Away with him.

*Enter Old Mendez, and Nurse weeping.*

*O. Men.* Hold, Gentlemen, a little. — What wrongs hast thou receiv'd from me, Barbarous Man, that thou shou'dst be the Destroyer of my Family?

*Wood.* What mean you, Sir? I the Destroyer of your Family!

*Men.* Yes, thou, vile Wretch, my Son lies gasping with the Wound thou gav'st him, and my poor Daughter has been Ravish'd by thee,

*Wood.* We are both abus'd, Sir. I us'd my utmost to defend a Lady to night that I met by chance in the Street bewailing her sad Fortune. I was of a sudden assaulted to two Strangers, who saluted me indeed with the Title of Ravisher, whilst I endeavour'd to defend the Lady from any such Violence. It seems I had the misfortune to wound one of 'em.

*Men.* Alas! he's my Son you wounded. VVhat a rash Mistake was this!

*Nurse.* But what became of my Young Lady *Isabella*? Oh speak! tell us but that, and we'll pity your Disaster.

*Wood.* The Lady withdrew I know not whether during [the Fray: Your pity you may dispose of elsewhere: I wou'd not be so wretched.

*Nurse.* Alas,



*Nurse.* Alas, Sir! we are still to seek for my poor Lady. — Oh Sadness! what days are these!

*Offi.* Have you any thing more to say to the Prisoner?

*Men.* Nothing more.

*Offi.* Come, away with him then. — Madam, you must remember to appear to give Evidence against him.

*Dar.* I shall be ready upon the first Notice.

*Wood.* To be Damn'd for thy Perjury.

*(Exeunt Officers with Woodvil.)*

*Nur.* How came the Murderer to be found in your Chamber, Madam?

*Dar.* Why, here he came, it seems, to hide himself. The Door being open, and no body then here, he impudently enter'd, and hid himself behind the Hangings.

*Nur.* Good luck! Come, Sir, let us go and comfort my young Master. All we can do will be too little for him. Oh! the Pain he must needs endure! But I hope there is no danger. I took the Surgeon aside in a corner, and ask'd him what he thought upon probing the Wound? And he told me, 'twas only a Flesh-wound, which he hop'd wou'd be soon well.

*Men.* Heav'n grant it be no more. His Ruine join'd

To my first Loss, wou'd shake the firmest Mind. *(Exeunt.)*

*The End of the Third Act.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

### *The Street.*

*Enter Johnson with a Letter.*

*John.* } — **T**IS now since I sat down before  
*Repeats.* } That foolish Fort a Heart,  
 Time strangely spent, a Day and more —

Sure there is Witchcraft in some Women, that we cannot be easie one moment without 'em. This Letter which I found in the *Prado*, and is an Appointment from some kind-hearted Mistress to make her Lover happy, makes me but the more impatient when I think of my Enchantress *Elvira*. Nor can I forbear hov'ring about her Lodging till I hear some tidings of her. She must have laid a Spell for me,  
 that's

that's certain; for tho' I have not so much as seen her Face, yet cannot I for my heart remove from this place, where she gave me some faint hopes I should see her.—Oh the invincible power of a—something that's inexpressible in Women!—But who are these?

[Woodvil is brought by, in Custody of Officers.

Frank Woodvil in Custody! how am I surpris'd; Hold Sirs, whither do you carry this Gentleman?

Off. To Prison for a Murder.

John. Is the Cause so fatal then.

Wood. There is a Man hurt, Charles, by accident. But I am glad I have met with you. Pray accompany me to the place of my Confinement. The occasion of this mischance you shall know there.

John. I'm sure I am sorry for the occasion, be it as 'twill.

Off. We must have no Conferences in the street. Come to the Prison, and there you may be allow'd. Lead on.

John. Mr. Officer, I thank you. Pray go on.

Dear Frank, I'll follow you.

[Exeunt Officers with Woodvil.

What a cursed Accident is this! And the more unhappy, because our Money is fallen short, Returns failing from England, without which there is no Redemption from Prison here, let the fact be never so favourable.—Let me see.—What's to be done?—Lost my Woodvil, lost my Elvira, and cheated at last with an unknown Henrietta.

*Enter Elvira veil'd, and claps him on the shoulder.*

Elv. You are a Man of your word, I perceive, Sir.

John. You are come in good time, Madam, to help me out of a double Confusion of Thought.

Elv. Good Cavalier, what's the matter?

John. Why, poor Frank Woodvil is just now carry'd to Prison for wounding a Man; and, to tell you the Truth, Returns from England, by some Interception or other, fail at present; and without a round Sum I know he is not to be releas'd.

Elv. A Scurvy Accident, upon my word.

John. Besides, Elvira, I am puzzl'd with a Letter dropt just by me in the Prado. Faith 'tis an Assignment, and subscrib'd Henrietta. The Devil take me if I know any Henrietta, or love any but Elvira.

Elv. Did you say subscrib'd Henrietta? Ha!

John. Yes, as well as I can pick it out by this Light. Here 'tis. But will you excuse me at this time? I promis'd Woodvil as he pass'd by to follow him to the Prison. If possible, I'll wait on you in half an hour.

*Elv. By-*

*Elv.* By all means follow your Friend. In the mean time, I'll go in and pray to St. *Jago* for some help for you against your Return.

*John.* I expect more aid from your quick Invention than from the Saints favour. [Exit.]

*Elv.* I don't know how 'tis, but this *English* Cavaller has got further into my heart than all my *Spanish* Adorers together. Nay, so well I love him, that had I the *Indies* in my Possession, I could part with 'em to serve or to oblige him. But at present, so unhappy is my Condition, I know not where to command enough to help him to release his Friend; for my vile Acquaintance *Daria*, since our last Quarrel, has pack'd up her Trumpery and is gone, and besides has stol'n from me the little I had of value in my Lodging. All I have now in the World at command is a bill upon old *Lopez* for a hundred Pistols, which is not payable these Ten days. What's to be done? Let me think a little.—He must not lye in Prison, that's certain.—Ha! the Letter *Johnson* gave me!—'Tis from *Lopez's* Wife to a Lover.—I have it. I'll instantly go about it. Woman's Invention can ne're fail at a pinch. [Exit.]

### SCENE *Don Alphonso's House.*

*Enter Isabella alone. She looks about her in Surprise.*

*Ifab.* What do I see? Is it possible! I am amaz'd! Can this be Chance, or the direction of some friendly Power that out of pity to my sad Condition has brought it so about?—The very Furniture, the fatal Couch, the Cabinet, and ev'ry thing in the same Order. By all my Sufferings the very Picture too!—Nay then there is no doubt, but much, much wonder.

*Enter Donna Theresa.*

*Ther.* Madam, I am glad my house cou'd prove a Refuge to so handsome a Lady. But admire not, if I ask what accident brought you in the Street so late, and undisguis'd since you are not ignorant how unusual such things are with any of our Sex? [*Isabella gazes about, and weeps.*] Alas! what mean you, Madam? You seem to be much disorder'd. If I have ask'd a Question that brings any ungrateful passage to your Memory, I'll wave my Curiosity, and expect no Answer. But if you dare venture to trust one that has already an Inclination to serve you, let me know the cause of your disturbance, and I give you my solemn Promise, which is ever Sacred with me, that I'll use my utmost power to procure you a Remedy.

*Ifab.* I am so confounded, I know not how to speak.

*Ther.* You gaze about the Room, as if you were astonish'd at some discovery you seem to have made here.

*Ifab.* Too



*Isab.* Too well I know the Room alas !

*Ther.* What mean you, Madam ?

*Isab.* If for my Grief I can, I'll tell you. — You seem, Madam, to be a Lady of a great deal of Worth and Goodness. Your Hospitality in relieving me at such a time, is a proof of your Noble Nature, and your solemn Promise to use your Interest to serve an unhappy Woman before you know the Cause of her being so, is an Argument of your Generosity. Madam, I'll venture to tell you all my trouble. But first give me leave to ask you who is the Noble Youth that dwells here ?

*Ther.* His Name is Don *Alphonso*.

*Isab.* Is he not your Son, Madam ?

*Ther.* He is.

*Isab.* Alas ! that such a Noble Lady shou'd e're produce so vile a Monster,

[*Weeps.*]

*Ther.* I fear your Senses are disturb'd.

*Isab.* And well they may. — Oh that I had the Villain here ! how cou'd I tear him Limb from Limb, and trample him to dust !

*Ther.* This is strange ! Did you not call him Noble Youth but now ?

*Isab.* I did, to get his Name. — Alas ! you know me not. I am full of subtle, fair, insinuating Arts to gain my Ends ; which when obtain'd, I return to my true form, which is a thing at Mortal Enmity with Mankind.

*Ther.* This is downright Raving.

*Isab.* I may thank your inhumane Son for't.

*Ther.* Why, what has he done ?

*Isab.* Demolish'd a frame of perfect Happiness,

*Ther.* You speak in Clouds, Lady.

*Isab.* I Wish those Clouds wou'd cover me. [*Sighs.*]

Heav'ns ! Did I not set forth but yesterday

With your own Sun, as clear from any Spots,

And with such sweet Tranquility of Soul,

As made me think no Happiness above

Cou'd e're transcend the Joys I felt below !

Sure this Eclipse is meant a Punishment

For such a Vain belief ; and now I find

There is no true Felicity on Earth,

*Ther.* Madam, I pity you : But pray, without all this Circumstance, please to come to the point. How has my Son wrong'd you ?

*Isab.* This will inform you, My Tongue wants force to speak it,

[*Gives her a Table-Book.*]

*Ther.* The Book I know, When was this [*Reads to herself.*] done, Madam ?

*Isab.* I was but lately carry'd from hence blind-folded into the Street,

Street, when I met a Stranger, who hearing my Complaints, offer'd his Service to relieve me; and as I was going to beg him to conduct me home, the Adventure happen'd under your Window, and you were pleas'd to be so charitable to send to take me in. I wish the kind Stranger that fought in my Defence were as safe.

*Ther.* It seems there was one wounded in the Scuffle.

*Ifab.* Ah me! I fear the civil Stranger. Heav'n is pleas'd to multiply my Woes.

*Ther.* I cou'd not then learn who 'twas, but have sent since to know. But, Madam, your condition touches me very near; and be assur'd, if this be as the Tablet informs me, I am resolv'd to make you what amends I can.

*Ifab.* You speak generously. But, alas! what recompence can you make me?

*Ther.* Despair not. My Honour is concern'd as well as yours. Had he more than a glimpse of you, do you think?

*Ifab.* No more than what a faint Moonshine wou'd give him.

*Ther.* Be, of good Comfort then; and as we walk to my Apartment, I'll tell you how my Thoughts are preparing to do you service. Before to morrow end,

Perhaps your Tongue may call me more than Friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Alphonso and Boy.*

*Alp.* What is't that so disturbs me? Why dost thou heave, my Heart, and flutter in my Breast? My Pulse works high, and my Brain rounds apace. And yet there's a Weight upon my Soul that's heavier than all this. 'Tis that, alas! which acts upon my Body, and puts it into such disorder; And I have felt that Weight e're since I wrong'd the Virgin. Oh Conscience! thou art mighty in punishing, and, spight of the Dreams of Libertines, hast a real Existence. Let me have Musick, Boy; I am melancholy, perhaps 'twill mitigate my Pain.

[*Exit Boy.*]

[*Alphonso lies upon the Couch, and the Boy Re-enters.*  
*A short Consort of Musick.*]

### SONG by a Friend.

O *Er* have I heard our Poets Sing  
This and that fine Story:  
Now Love, now Honour Themes have been,  
The Beau's, the Hero's Glory.

*These*

2.  
*These Two Command the World, we own,  
 Tho' both at last are foil'd :  
 The Hero Loves, and so's undone,  
 The Beau's by Honour spoil'd.*

3.  
*Let the brave Beaux with Gentle Arms  
 Engage, o'recome, then fly :  
 Let yielding Hero's own Loves Charms,  
 When Conquer'd, nobly dye.*

4.  
*As jaring Features well Combin'd  
 One perfect Beauty prove :  
 So Love and Honour thus Conjoyn'd  
 The best and Noblest Love.*

*Alp. sits up.* You may retire. *[To the Boy, who goes out.*  
 So. I am something better.—  
 Ha ! Is not this the very Couch ? *[Looks upon the Couch, and rises in a Rage.]* Nay then I'm sick again. Every Object that puts me in mind of that curs'd Accident is odious to my sight. Good Heav'n, restore my Peace of Mind, tho' at the price of all I'm worth.  
*[Turns to a Book on the Table, and Reads.*  
 " Oh Villain ! cou'dst thou be so barbarous to force a tender Maid !  
 " Horror ! what hast thou done ! Reflect, base Man, upon this hateful Crime. Thou hast done a deed that will for ever torment thy  
 " Soul, unless thou wilt consent to make her Reparation.—  
 Sure some blest Saint directed me to this place.—Oh Heav'nly Advice ! Hear me, ye angry Heav'ns, for you are justly so : Yet hear !  
*[Kneels.]* Penitent ; and when you hear, forgive. Witness blest Saint, who-e're thou art who plead'st for injur'd Vertue ; Witness, That here upon my bended Knees I vow all Satisfaction, all Amends, all honourable Reparation, to One unknown, to an unknown injur'd One. For her I'll haunt the Mountains, search ev'ry Grove, call to the Winds which bore her Cries and heard her Prayers, when *Alphonso* was deaf to all, the curs'd *Alphonso*. To Her I vow, to Her I swear, Her only will I make my Wife, or in Eternal Solitude bemoan her Wrongs.—Hear me once more, for the Wretch *Alphonso* swears.  
*[Rises, and lies down upon the Couch; The Scene shuts him in.*



## SCENE a Prison.

Woodvil and Johnson.

*John.* Your story I am surpriz'd at. How was I deceiv'd in that Woman!

*Wood.* 'Twill make us wiser for the time to come, set us better upon our Guard against the Sex, and whatever we do, defy Matrimony, *Charles*, as the end of all Pleasure in Life.

*John.* Truth on't is, you had been finely Wedded, and yet this is she that was once thought to deserve those Raptures.

*Did'st thou not find the place Inspir'd?*

*Heard'st thou not Musick when she Talk't; — And so forth?*

*Wood.* Oh! the Imagination of it chills my Blood; and yet a Joy succeeds the Horror, to think I have escap'd the Rack. Beware of Women Friend, and thou can'st not do amiss.

*John.* I confess you have reason to complain after such a disappointment. But, to lay this Subject aside. What shall we do, *Frank*, in our present Circumstance? If the Man lives, there is no Liberty without Money now they have thee once fast. Fortune cou'd not have shew'd her Malice at so unlucky a time.

*Wood.* The Joy I felt for my Deliverance from that Example of Horror, has made me forget where I am. But, faith, whate'r my Condition prove, I can't be much afflicted. And of the two ne're blame Fortune, this is comparatively a Favour.

*John.* Prithee come to thy self a little. Damn the Jilt *Daria* with all my heart. But why art thou insensible? Is a Prison so indifferent to you, that you are willing to consider of no way to get out of it? You know our Returns are expected, not come.

*Wood.* Prithee let me alone. I am rapt in Joy for my Escape, and shall think of nothing else this Month. All I can say to you is, I must stay here till those Returns you speak of do come. I know no Remedy.

*John.* And that's all your care, Sir, is it?

*Wood.* I thank my Stars, Sir, I have no Care upon me. Here I am provided for: And to be a Single Man and provided for at once, is, I think, sufficient Happiness for any one Person.

*John.* Nay, Sir, since you take such delight in your own Thoughts, Farewel. I won't spoil your Company. [Is going.]

*Wood.* Why, *Charles*, thou art not in earnest sure? you won't go!

*John.* Is this a time for Jestings? Prithee be a little more serious.

*Wood.* What the Devil won'd you bave me do? Prithee don't be so

so very grave and solemn! Can I help Accidents? 'Tis well 'tis no worse.

*John.* I am sure it cou'd not have fallen out in a worse time.

*Wood.* I can't Coin Money to get my Liberty.

*John.* But sure you may think of some way how I may serve you.

*Wood.* Phoo, Pox, thou know'st I am a dull Fellow. I have been out of my Wits with excess of Joy e'er since I 'scap'd the Woman.

*John.* Drown the Woman.

*Wood.* With all my Heart, Sir.

*John.* 'Twou'd make one mad to see you so indifferent under such Circumstances, and in a strange Country.

*Wood.* All Countries are alike to me. If the Man dies, I know the worst on't.

*John.* Thou talk'st indeed as if thy Wits were gone. Can you remember, Sir, whereabouts you lost the Lady for whose sake you turn'd Knight-Errant, and brought your self into this condition?

*Wood.* 'Twas in the Street St. *Jago*, near the Church, where I was set upon, Sir, without provocation given on my side. I suppose your Wisdom wou'd have done no less, upon such an occasion.

*John.* You must have a Woman at your Tail. See what comes on't.

*Wood.* Why, good Mr. Reformer, I have known as grave a Man as your Worship, and as sly a Dealer, have as eager an Appetite to the Flesh, and pursue it as close in the Dark, as any unwary Sportsman of us all.

*John.* At least, we have discretion to keep our selves out of Inconveniencies.

*Wood.* You may thank Chance for that. I perceive if I had as good Fortune as you, I shou'd be as Virtuous.

*John.* If you had as much Discretion, you mean. Discretion and Conduct are the only Vertues now-a-days.

*Wood.* There I agree with you. Honesty, Reputation, Wit, Breeding, and every good quality, are deriv'd from those Springs.

*John.* Well, I'll go see how far I have a Title in them to serve you. I'll first enquire after the Man, and then the Means.

*Wood.* Whatever you do, pray let me see you often.

*John.* You may rely upon't. Dear, *Frank*, Adieu. [Exit.

*Wood.* Why, come what will, 'tis better still than Marrying. — Good Heav'n! what a Precipice have I escap'd! Sure I was given over to Satan for a time, since I cou'd resolve to Marry one whom I had never seen, or knew any thing of, and e're it cou'd be finish'd, my Guardian-Angel interpos'd to hinder it. — Well, since I have miss'd this Woman,

That shut within a Dungeon, I am free;  
Escaping such a Wife, is glorious Liberty.

[Exit]

## SCENE Lopez's House.

Enter Henrietta, and Clora.

Hen. Clora, Is every thing ready, as I order'd?

Clo. Yes, Madam.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, a Stranger presses at the Gate for Entrance to your Ladyship.

Hen. Clora, see who 'tis, and introduce him. [Exit Clora and Serv.] Who shou'd this be! 'Tis not *Manuel's* time yet, except he's eager on the Assignment, and so anticipates the Hour. Well, I shou'd not be displeas'd to see a Man so indifferent towards Women grown Amorous on my Account.

Enter Clora with Elyira in Man's Cloaths,

A Stranger! how am I disappointed!

Ely. Madam, you may wonder to see a Stranger here at this hour; but when you have heard my business, which concerns you very nearly, perhaps I may yet raise your Wonder, and receive excuse for this late Visit. — I wou'd have no Witnesses but your self.

Hen. What can this mean! — Clora, retire. [Exit Clora.]

Ely. 'Twas my fortune, Madam, this Evening, to find a Letter dropt in the Prado, Subscrib'd *Henrietta*, and Directed to *Don Manuel*.

Hen. What say you, Sir! A Letter dropt, and so Subscrib'd!

Ely. 'Tis here, Madam; you may view it if you please.

[Pulls it out.]

Hen. Unfortunate Accident! [Seeing her Hand, trembles and drops it, Elyira takes it up.]

Ely. Don't be uneasy, Madam. 'Tis a Secret still. I came hither to preserve it, by restoring the Letter to you. [Gives it her.]

Hen. 'Tis generously done. How shall I requite this handsome Action? Tell me, Sir, and be assur'd —

Ely. I came not hither, Madam, for a Reward. But since Fortune has put it in my power to Serve you, and it falls out that, 'tis in your return the Service, I doubt not your Inclination, Madam.

Hen. 'Tis most ready to serve you,

Ely. Why



*Elv.* Why then, Madam, I have a Friend in Distress, who wants immediate Relief. All that I can command at present is this Bill upon your Husband, which is not payable these ten days. If you could get it for me sooner, I should be infinitely oblig'd to you.

*Hen.* I'll use my utmost Endeavour. If you please to send in the Morning, I hope I shall be able to serve you.

*Elv.* Your Ladyship's most obedient Servant.

[Exit.

*Hen.* 'Tis well he's gone. One Minute more might have spoil'd all with Manuel; but he shall hear on't, I'll warrant him. [Runs in.

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Bed-Chamber in Lopez's House.*

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* 'TIS somewhat before the Time. So much the better. I had best make fast the Stair-case-door of the Garden through which I enter'd, and I presume there is no access any other way. [Seems to bolt the Door.] I reckon my haughty Mistress has taken care of other Passages, lest she should be interrupted with her dear Manuel; my close Dog of a Friend. — But now to be ev'n with 'em both. [Looks in.] By all my Joys to come, she's fast! Oh Miracle! What, when a Lover was expected! Sure he has been here, and is gone. Then I were finely cheated. Could I mistake the Time! No, no; 'twas Two; Two precisely, which is not yet come. — Oh! 'tis a delicious Creature! — Out, out, Candle. — So, now must not I speak one word aloud, lest I am discover'd. — Very well, I think I am even with you, Don Manuel, and with you too, my disdainful Lady. [Goes in.

*Enter Manuel at another Door, conducted by Clora with a Light.*

*Clo.* There's your way, Sir. I need not wish you a good Night, when a fair Lady expects you.

*Man.* I thank you, sweet Clora; let this be an Earnest I won't be ungrateful

ingrateful to you.

*Clo.* Your oblig'd Servant. Love favour you. I'll make the Door fast after me. *[Gives key. Exits.]*

*Man.* And I too on this side, with your leave, courteous *Clora*. *[Bolts the Door. The Noise frights Hen.]*

*Hen.* peeping.] Oh! for Heav'n's sake, my Dear, hide your self in this Closet. *[Then comes out.]* ——— *Manuel* here! how am I amaz'd!

*Man.* Is it possible, Madam! Or is this an Art of Love to make the After-game the sweeter, by the apprehension of a Surprise? How is it, Madam? You seem still amaz'd. Did you not expect me?

*Hen.* Expect you, Sir?

*Man.* Ay, Child. Come, come, no more of this strangeness; you know my Temper. Come, I hate a long Prologue to a Play. Let us draw the Curtain, my Dear, and begin.

*Hen.* Are you sure you don't Act a wrong Part?

*Man.* Nay, Madam, I appeal to your self. 'Tis of your own casting, I had not been in the Comedy else.

*Hen.* 'Tis well if it don't prove a Tragedy. I have seen Actors, by undertaking Parts, not fit for 'em, turn one into t'other.

*Man.* What can this mean? Come, come, this is but Acting at best: You are not the Person you seem to be.

*Hen.* Pray, whom do you take me for, Sir?

*Man.* The chief Lady in the Play, Madam, and my self the fine Gentleman; this Bed-Chamber the Scene of Action, whither You and I have retir'd, by consent, from the Stage, to do what is done in most of our Modern Comedies.

*Hen.* But I hope you'll allow 'tis a foul Offence against Manners, and ought to be reform'd.

*Man.* There have been Undertakers indeed; but their Arguments are so full of Sophistry, and relish so much of private Ends, that how good soever such a Design may be, it has less Power and Efficacy in their Hands than otherwise it might.

*(Clora without strives to open the Door.)*

*Clo.* Madam! Madam! My Master! He is coming up the Garden-stairs.

*Hen.* Art thou in thy Wits? It cannot be! *[Lopez strives to un-*

*Lop.* *Clora, Clora, open the Door, I am come home. Lock the Door,*

*Hen.* Heav'n's! what shall I do!

*Man.* Ours'd Accident! This comes of spending so much time in Talk. I might have finish'd the Dumb Scene by this time, and have made my Exit.

*Lop.* Why don't you open the Door, Play?

*Hen.* Lord! what shall I do! I am out of my Wits. ——— Sir,

Sir,

Sir, Pray step into this Closet, and make it fast within. *(He runs in, Henrietta runs and opens the Door for Clora first.)*

Clo. Lord, Madam! what will you do! *(Lopez knocks again.)*

Hen. Run and open the Door for him, and I'll come out of my Chamber as if I were just awak'd by the Noise.

*(Runs in, Clora opens the Door.)*

Clo. Oh, Signior! you're welcom home.

Lop. Why must I stay so long at the Door?

Clo. Because we were all in Bed. We did not expect you home till to Morrow.

Lop. Where's my Wife, Clora?

Clo. Asleep to be sure, poor Lady, unless your Noise has wak'd her.

Hen. Clora, who is't raps at the door at such an unreasonable hour?—My Lopez return'd! how am I o'rejoy'd! *[Runs to embrace him.]*

Lop. Poor Duck! 'Twas a pretty Duck. *[Kisses her.]*—Why didst thou rise Dear? To Bed again. I'll come to thee strait.

Hen. No, my Dear, 'tis Morning now. Pray let us walk in the Garden. I long to hear News of the Ship, and what thy share is, and how you chanc'd to come home so soon.

Lop. I am a sleepy now, my Dear; I'll tell you all to morrow.

Hen. Nay, you shall tell me now! P'ay Dear, *[Kissing, and clapping him on the Cheek.]* Is there any China aboard, my Lopez?

Lop. I believe a good quantity, Child.

Hen. I am glad of that. I'll have it all. Nay, I will, Lopez. But come, let us take a turn in the Garden, my Dear. Only you and I. Methinks 'tis very hot; I want a little cool Air.

Lop. Well, let me carry this Bag into my Closet first. 'Tis some Interest-Money I have brought home. I made such hast back, because I wou'd not Travel in the heat of the Day.

Hen. If he goes into the Closet, I am undone. *[Aside.]* Let Clora, Dear, lay it up for thee, against we come back.

Lop. No, I thank you, Wife. I wou'd as soon trust thee with that Rogue Antonio that has glanc'd upon thee so long, as my Money with anyone.

Hen. My Dear, I have mislaid the Key somewhere; we shall find it to Morrow.

Lop. How's this! Wife, I'll have the Key found presently, or I'll force the door open.

Hen. Lord! might not any one lose a Key? If you are so Churlish, you may e'en return from whence you came.

Lop. May I so, Gentlewoman? 'Tis very well. — Clora light me into the Chamber; there's a door that way. *[Goes towards the Chamber.]*

Hen. I am undone past Recovery. *[Aside.]*



*Antonio cover'd with a white sheet, walking stiff like a Ghost, meets him. Clora squeeks, and lets the Candle fall.*

*Lop. Oh! A Ghost! A Ghost! [Drops his Bag of Money and runs out, Clora follows.]*  
*Hen. Oh! (squeeks with 'em.)*

*Ha, ha, ha. An Excellent Contrivance! here's a Bag of Money into the Bargain, which nothing but his fright cou'd have made him part with. This will serve to make my Gratitude appear to the Stranger.*

*Ant. I shou'd have been a Woman by my Invention at a dead Lift.*

*Hen. Where's your Master gone, Clora? [Clora returns with a Candle.]*

*Clor. He's run out into the Street, Madam, frighted out of his Wits, crying all the way, A Ghost! A Ghost!*

*Hen. Go back instantly, and lock the door, lest a sudden fit of Jealousie shou'd make him recollect himself, and return.— And, d'ye hear? Take this Money, and let the Stranger's Bill be paid out of it when he sends. [Exit. Clora.] So, by this Means, I shall discharge my promise.— Now let me view the Spright a little. Antonio! Is't possible!*

*Ant. Even he, Madam; The Stupid Ass that has not even the Faculty of Braying. A formal, cringing, contemplative Lover; that makes his Advances, by Degrees and Ceremonies.*

*Hen. And what did you think to get by stealing a Victory?*

*Ant. Revenge, which I had had, if my evil Genius there in the Closet had not haunted me a moment before Execution. 'Twas all my End now: Disdain had cur'd me of my Love before.*

*Hen. 'Tis plain I have been abus'd. [Manuel comes out.]*

*Don Manuel, you are not the Man I took you for.*

*Man. I am sorry, Madam, I shou'd have mistaken my part.*

*Hen. 'Twas most ungenerous to discover such a secret to any one.*

*Man. Now you reproach me without Cause.*

*Hen. How cou'd it be thus, if you two had not conferr'd together?*

*Man. I appeal to him. Sure I have a little more Reserve in me.*

*Ant. I must clear him in this Case, tho' he has us'd me ill in not discovering it, when he knew of my Application to you. You may thank your self for't. If you had not contriv'd your meeting in the Prado, I had not over-heard you.*

*Hen. So: this is but an Accident, I warrant.*

*Ant. On my side no more. Therefore, since 'tis as it is, your Ladyship had as good be easy. For my part, tho' my Revenge was not fully compleated, I shall content my self with having design'd it well.— But, Sir, for you, I shall find a time to be even with you.*

*Man. Nay, Sir, if you are so musty, conclude I shall answer your demands. You had like to have been even, it seems, with a Witness.*

*Enter Clora.*

*Clo.* Madam, my Master in his fright has rais'd Don *Alphonso's* Family, and has got in there; has sent to know how you do, and your Company is desir'd there immediately.

*Ant.* and *Man.* We won't hinder you, Madam.

*Hen.* Look ye Gentlemen, since there's no avoiding what's past, pray let there be no misunderstanding between you, but both of you meet me at your friend *Alphonso's* by and by. What say you, Don *Manuel*?

*Man.* I have no quarrel with him, Madam. My Division is with Fortune, for conducting him hither to interpose between me and Happiness.

*Ant.* You wou'd have undermin'd me; but I had the good luck to spring a Countermine, to your disappointment.

*Hen.* Come, you must be Friends. *Antonio, Manuel.*

*Ant.* In ev'ry thing, Madam, but where Women are concern'd: In those Affairs I shall trust no Man again.

*Man.* And I no Woman in haste.

*Hen.* Nor no Woman you, unless you take more care of their Letters.

*Man.* What mean you, Madam?

*Hen.* Let it suffice, Sir, that I have mine again; no matter by what method. You dropt it, and I have found it.

*Man.* A meer Accident!

*Hen.* Be it so. — Well; Gentlemen, you'll come

*Ant.* 'Twere pity indeed not to partake of the Mirth there will be about the Ghost.

*Hen.* I wou'd have you come in there, that you may obviate any suspicion the old Fool might afterwards have of you, *Antonio*, because he has discover'd your Addresses to me.

*Ant.* I'll come in there, Madam, as by accident.

*Man.* And I, Madam, with him.

*Hen.* Well, make hast, and I'll go before.

*Man.* It may be improper for me to wait on you.

*Hen.* Ay, ay, come both together.

*[Exit. Henrietta.]*

*Scene shuts.*

## SCENE the Street.

*Johnson and Elvira in Man's Cloaths.*

*John.* This is such a piece of Generosity, that it cancels all suspicion I might have entertain'd of you from your Society with that ill Woman.

*Elv.* She has deceiv'd me as much as you; for tho' I had convers'd with her for some time, yet I never knew of her designs till this last Accident; and as soon as I knew of 'em, I dissuaded her from 'em, which occasion'd our Quarrel.

*John.* I believe you, Madam. Now let us haste to Woodall; and since the Man he Wounded is in no danger, let us endeavour to get him discharg'd.

*Elv.* With all my heart. I was just coming to the Prison for that end when I met you; and we shall carry that with us that will defie the strongest Bolts. I have put my self in this Disguise, the better to avoid being known. — Lead on, Cavalier. *[Exit.]*

*Scene changes to Alphonso's.**Don Alphonso in his Night-Gown, and Lopez.*

*Alp.* Well, but are you sure 'twas a Spirit, Don Lopez?

*Lop.* I am very sure I saw something all in White come out of the Chamber, and it scar'd me so much, that it made me drop a Bag of Money I had newly brought home; which I think I shou'd hardly have parted with, if I had not been frighted sufficiently.

*Alph.* Nay, then 'tis a plain Case. See what comes of Usury and Gripping, Lopez. This is somebody's Ghost whom your Extortion help'd to Ruine whilst he was alive, and now he's come to trouble you for't.

*Lop.* Nay, I must needs say I have taken Twenty in the Hundred, and Thirty sometimes, when People have been in Straits, Heav'n Help me!

*Enter Henrietta.*

*Alph.* Oh Madam! you're welcom. How do ye after your fright?

*[Hen. Some-]*



*Hen.* Somewhat better than I was, Sir: But indeed I was sadly scar'd.

*Alph.* I was taking a little freedom with my Neighbour, Madam, and telling him this might be a Judgment for his hard Dealing with those whose Necessities forc'd 'em to borrow of him.

*Hen.* Indeed I fear'd so too. I have often told him on't. And that which makes me the readier to believe so, is this: Just as he was going to lay up a full Bag he had, that minute brought home for Interest-Money, the Spirit met him, as if it came on purpose to oppose such Practices, and carry'd the Money away with it.

*Lop.* How! did it carry away the Bag too?

*Hen.* Ev'n so, my Dear.

*Enter Antonio and Manuel.*

*Lop.* Worse and worse. Nothing but Losses and Crosses. Ha! here comes the Devil sure, instead of another Ghost. Wife, this is he that wou'd devour thee, therefore stand close to me.

*Alph.* Oh! my two Friends, welcom. You are both early.

*Ant.* We heard a Noise of a Ghost! A Ghost! in our Lodgings, and fearing it might be here, we came to bring what Comfort we cou'd to the Family.

*Lop.* You are a Family-Comforter, I'll say that for ye. Ask my Wife else.

*Man.* Sure he knows nothing, does he?

*[To Ant. aside.]*

*Ant.* Who's that? Old Thirty in the Hundred? Who cou'd have expected to have found thee any where but in thy Closet, heaping up Extortion?

*Lop.* No, no, Sir; I am not always at my Devotion. When I am ready for Heav'n, 'tis but sending my Wife to you for a Passport; I know you'll be so Charitable to me thither.

*Ant.* She has too much Virtue, *Lopez.*

*Lop.* Which you wou'd fain corrupt, Sir. But I shall take care to keep her out of Temptation.

*Man.* Come, come, you must not wonder, Old Gentleman, that young Fellows will be attempting: We have hot Blood in us,

*Lop.* Why don't you Marry then? That will cool you, or I have no Experience.

*Ant.* We thank ye, Sir, for your Counsel; but 'tis not come to that yet.

*Man.* No, no. Tho' we are athirst sometimes, we are taught by *Esop's* Frogs not to leap into a Well for Water, where there is no passage out.

*Alph.* I

*Alph.* I think, Don Lopez, he was ev'n with you there. Well I am glad to see all this good Company here, and am oblig'd to the Ghost for it. It has diverted the Melancholy I was lab'ring under. — Come, we'll have some Musick to Entertain you. Will you walk into the Gallery?

*Ant.* We'll follow you, Sir.

*Alph. to Hen.]* Come, Madam.

*[Alphonso leads out Hen. and Lopez follows close after, looking back upon Antonio.]*

*Enter Theresa from another part.*

*Ther.* Antonio, Manuel, one word with you, Gentlemen.

*Man.* Your Commands, Madam?

*Ther.* You must both promise to give me a positive Answer to the Question I shall ask you.

*Ant.* We shan't dispute with your Ladyship.

*Ther.* You promise then?

*Ant. Man.* We do.

*Ther.* Did not *Alphonso* in one of his Frolicks force a Woman away with him lately? Come you both were with him. Answer me truly, as you regard your promise, *(They look upon one another.)*

*Man.* This is betraying a Friend, Madam.

*Ant.* How the Devil came this to be known!

*(Aside.)*

*Ther.* Fear no ill Consequence from the Discovery. It imports me to be certain of the Truth, nor can it injure any body.

*Ant.* Your Question has surpriz'd us. We could not have thought you had suspected your Son of any such Violence.

*Ther.* This is trifling with me. Affirm or Deny it, as you are Gentlemen. I repeat my word to you, it shall prejudice nobody.

*Man.* It must be known we told you, since no body else was there that knew him.

*Ther.* You have imply'd 'twas He. I'll ask no further. I take it instead of a Confession, which nevertheless you have avoided.

*Man.* This candid method increases my Opinion of your Ladyship's Prudence.

*Ant.* You know, Madam, how to obtain a Secret, without putting a Man to the blush of a Discovery.

*Ther.* I give you my Honour no harm shall arise from it. — Now pray go and join the Company. *(Exeunt Gentlemen.)* Who waits there? *(Enter Boy.)* Tell my Son I wou'd speak with him for a moment. So. Now I am convinc'd of the Truth, I will proceed instantly upon my Design.

*Enter*

*Enter Alphonso.*

*Alph.* Did you send for me, Madam?

*Ther.* I did, my Son. You have often told me, *Alphonso*, that when you Married you would submit to my Prudence in choosing a Wife for you; and now I think there is one found that will please us both.

*Alph.* Madam, I shall be ever Obedient to your Commands, and in what I have err'd hitherto I humbly ask your Pardon. But I am much in doubt how this will succeed, therefore I beg you wou'd not put me upon't.

*Ther.* Well, ne're fear, I'll venture you in this. You don't know how far Beauty may prevail. — Now pray go to your Company till I produce her.

*Alph.* I obey you, Madam. — She little thinks what Engagements I am under. *[Aside as going out.]*

*Ther.* Who waits? *[Enter Servant.]* — Have you been at the Prison to enquire after the Gentleman?

*Ser.* I have, Madam, and he was just discharged. He sent his humble Thanks to your Ladyship for your generous proffer, and intends to wait on you in Person immediately, according to your Invitation.

*Ther.* 'Tis well. Now go to Signior *Mendez*, and let him know we are impatient to see him, to give him News of his Daughter.

*Ser.* I shall, Madam. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Ther.* So. Now I have perform'd what I promis'd *Isabella*, which was to endeavour the Release of the Unknown Gentleman who fought for her in the Street when her Brother was wounded; And had he been still a Prisoner, I cou'd have done it, since her Brother is in no danger. — Now for *Isabella*, I reckon by this time she is dress'd as I order'd. *[Exit.]*

SCENE



## SCENE another Room.

Enter Lopez, Manuel, Antonio, Henrietta. [Musick Plays.]

Enter Alphonso to them.

DIALOGUE by a Friend. Set  
by Mr. Barret.

Enter a Capid and Girl.

( 1. )

Cup. TELL me, Precious, why you prove  
So Coy to eager Cupid's Love?  
Why I am hot, and why you cool,  
Tell me you little timorous Fool?

( 2. )

Gir. Once I heard my Mamma own  
She had like to've been undone  
By such a Flutt'ring Spark as you,  
Who talk'd of Love as you may do.

( 3. )

Cup. Give me, Mother, give more Fire,  
Daddy Vulcan blow it higher;  
I burn, I burn, she thaws, she thaws,  
Her Icy Lips melt down in Joys.

( 4. )

Gir. Right, you a Cupid, you a Clown,  
See what a Plead you have made and Gown:  
My Mother saw us, that she did,  
And now you'll leave me to be hid.  
[Exit.] She wipes her Eyes, and sighs.

( 5. )

Cup. So, so, all's well again. O fy,  
What, does my pretty Missy Cry?  
Hush, hush, I'll never fly away,  
Here clip my Wings, and make me stay.

( 6. )

Gir. And will you Play here ev'ry Day?

Cup. Yes, yes.

Gir. With Miss?

Cup. With Miss I'll always, always Play.

Both. We'll always Play.

Alph. I

*Alph.* I am come to tell you of a strange Accident, since I left you, My Mother has been proposing Marriage to me with a very fair Lady, as she says. Is it not very sudden, friends? She is to produce her presently for your Opinions. — Mine, I'm sure, is fix'd already. [*Aside sighing.*]

*Man.* Strange!

*Ant.* Can you be serious *Alphonso*?

*Lop.* What, I warrant, you'd have him ever invading other Mens Properties, like your self? — Come, come, Marriage is the Reformer of ill-dispos'd minds.

*Hen.* Not when they Marry old jealous fools, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*]

*Ant.* The Fox in the Fable.

*Alph.* *Antonio*, I must have no more Prophaneness against Matrimony. The humour is chang'd, and I've resolv'd on other Courses.

*Ant.* Why then, Sir, I wish you a good Race.

*Man.* And a Vigorous Courier to perform it on.

*Alph.* You'll both enter the Lists one of these days. — But see! She comes already, conducted by my Mother. — But I am fix'd as Fate. [*Aside.*]

*Donna Theresa enters with Isabella very richly Cloath'd, and led between two Maids with Tapers in their hands.*

*Man.* She's a charming Creature!

*Ant.* The finest Woman I ever saw!

*Lop.* Verily, Duck, I think she exceeds thee in Beauty.

*Hen.* Ay, ay, we are old-marry'd folks. Every Face to a Husband is handsomer than his Wife's.

*Ther.* [*To Alph.*] — Well, Son, what say you to her?

*Alph.* I'm sorry, Madam, I can't shew so much Joy as might be expected from me at the sight of so much Beauty. — Oh! that I were as free as I was some hours ago! What Felicity might I have found in the Possession of so many Charms! [*Aside.*]

*Ther.* You stand considering, Son. Can you then doubt, when Happiness approaches? Is she not an object worthy of your view? And can you doubt a Mother's offer?

*Alph.* Oh, Madam! 'twere impious in me to question your intentions. What're the Follies of my Youth have been, yet am I still your Son. As to the Lady, I wish her better Fortune, and must own my self unworthy.

*Ther.* Come, this is your Modesty. I must have some other Answer.

*Alph.* How one ill Action will prevent the happiness of a Man's whole Life. (*Aside.*)

Alas, Madam ! tho' I am your Son, you know me not.

*Ther.* Your Answers are too obscure. This is trifling. Can you make any Exception to her Person ?

*Alph.* 'Tis not good Breeding to find Defects in Ladies. In short, Madam, I have some secret Reasons not to be withstood.

*Ifab.* I know those secret Reasons, barbarous Man ! [*In a passion.*]

*Alph.* Do you know me then, Madam ?

*Ifab.* Have you not wrong'd me most heinously ?

*Alph.* I am startl'd ?

*Ifab.* Your Mother knows at least how you have wrong'd me.

*Alph.* There's something in't. For Heav'n's sake, Madam, tell me the meaning of this.

*Ther.* That you have abus'd her, let this Witness. —

[*Gives him a Table-Book, he takes it hastily and reads.*]

*Ifab.* There you may see your Crimes, and my Confusion. [*Weeps.*]

*Alph.* What a turn is here ! Just Heav'n ! [*Falls at her feet.*]

Most injur'd Innocence, how shall I make Attonement for what's past ! Set but my punishment, and it shall be the business of my Life to make you Reparation.

*Ifab.* May I believe this suddain Change ?

*Alph.* My Vows to Heav'n are heard. My Torment once, but now my Soul's Delight, is found. Can you forgive an Humble Penitent ?

*Ifab.* If you are sincere, I'm not uncharitable, Sir.

*Alph.* (*Rising*). Bear it aloft, ye Winds, and spread it o're the World. Such condescending Goodness shou'd be known As far as Earth extends, or Waters flow.

Sure thou art more than Woman, who so soon

Canst pardon such a Vile offending Wretch.

Have I not wrong'd you, fairest Innocence ?

Oh ! my heart bleeds to think on't !

How shall I make you Reparation !

*Ifab.* This free acknowledgement of your Offence Abates, at least, my pain. (*Weeps.*)

*Alph.* Oh ! I'll do more ! Mother, Friends advise me. — But they know nothing. — Can y'accept my Vows, And take me for your Husband ?

*Ther.* Your suit's but Just, *Alphonso*. — Madam as you forgive, so 'tis but fit you give a proof on't. Let Marriage be the Reparation.

*Ifab.* But, Madam ! he has some private reasons not to be withstood.

*Alph.* Now they are vanish'd all. 'Twas for your sake I made them, when I knew you not, and thought you absent. Divine Creature, make me happy by your Consent.

*Ifab.* If



*Ifab.* If it must be so.—But I have a Father, whose Approbation——

*Enter Old Mendez.*

*Ther.* And see, he comes.—Signior, you're Welcome. I must beg a word with you in private. *(They whisper.)*

*Alph.* Now what think'st thou of the Race *Antonio*? [*In a Rapture.*]

*Ant.* Sir, I must needs own she's a clean one. She may do well for a heat or two. But the finest Coursers don't always win the Plate.

*Alph.* She can't fail, my Friend.

*Ant.* Well, Sir, I wish you good luck.

*Mend.* Alas! if it be so, there's no Remedy. Hark ye, [*They whisper.*] *Ifabella.* Nay then 'twas honourably done by 'em both.—Sir, if all things are agreed on, you have my Consent.—Here, take her, and be happy with her. [*To Alph.*]

*Ther.* This is the Lady's Father, Son.

*Alph.* Sir, I accept her as an inestimable Jewel. [*Kissing her hand.*] Now am I happy indeed.—Sound, sound your Instruments of Joy, since *Ifabella's* now my own, what future Cares can interrupt my Peace?

*Enter Priest.*

*Ther.* You are come in good time, Sir, to joyn a pair of Lovers.—*(They move aside to be Marry'd. In the mean time enter Woodvil, Johnson, and Elvira in Mans Cloaths.)*

Y're welcome, Gentlemen.

*Wood.* Madam, I am come to return you infinite Thanks for your generous proffer to relieve me in my necessity: But a good Friend that's here had just obtain'd my Freedom before.

*Ther.* Sir, what I did was in Obedience to the Lady you offer'd to serve in the street, when you had the Misfortune to wound her Brother, who mistook you.

*Wood.* I am sorry for the Accident, and shou'd be glad to know the Lady I am so much oblig'd to, that I may acknowledge my self her Debtor.

*Ther.* Please to have a little patience, Sir, you shall.—

*(Ther. goes towards Isab. and Alph. who are Marrying.)*

*John.* Here's a Marriage, I perceive, Frank.

*Wood.* Ay, 'tis doing. We are come to be merry, friends.

*Elv.* *Alphonso's* the Man. A rich Don, I assure you.—But who's the Woman?

*Wood.* By

*Wood.* By all that's good 'tis she I offer'd to serve in the Street.  
This is strange!

*John.* [To *Elv.*] Well, Madam, I hope our turn's next, for my Heart is yours without Reserve.

*Elv.* No hast, good Cavalier; Let us try to improve our Friendship, before we come to Love and Matrimony; Then if you dare accept of a trivial Portion, about Eight Thousand Crowns a year or so, which I hear is fallen to me very lately by the sudden Death of an Uncle, we may be liable to none of the usual infelicities of that State.

*John.* Madam, I had been yours without so great an advantage; but now I think my self oblig'd to submit to your own terms.

*Wood.* Surprizing! (*Aside.*)

*Ther.* Joy to you both.

*Omnis.* Much Joy to you.

*Alph.* We thank you all— This is a sudden Change, Friends; but my Happiness is the greater.

*Mend.* You have my Blessing both. May you be ever happy.

*Alph.* If my *Isabella* be but pleas'd, my Joys admit of no Addition.

*Isab.* I shall endeavour, Sir, to make an obedient Wife.

*Ther.* Madam, this is the Gentleman who fought in your Defence.

*Isab.* I am very sorry, Sir, for the occasion of your late Disaster, and fear 'tis out of my power to make you satisfaction for what you have suffer'd for me.

*Wood.* Madam, my Sufferings were accidental. I wou'd have serv'd you indeed, and you have been so generous as to design my Release, for which I am come hither to return my thanks.

*Alph.* Sir, you and your Friends are welcome.— This I account the happiest Day of my Life, and therefore shall be celebrated with all the Joys our senses can receive.— Come, *Isabella*,

Spight of the Worlds Opinion, let us prove  
That Marriage is the firmest Bond of Love.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



F I N I S.

